The Outlook

Vol. 66 November 17, 1900 No. 12

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The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

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Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

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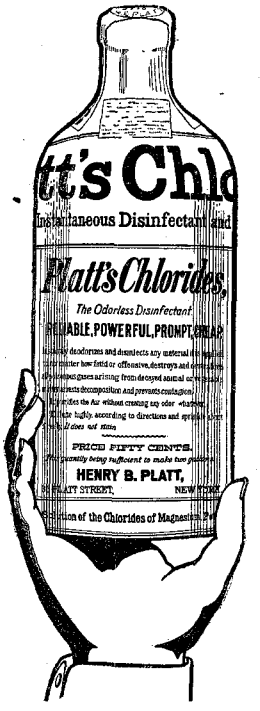

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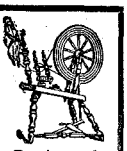

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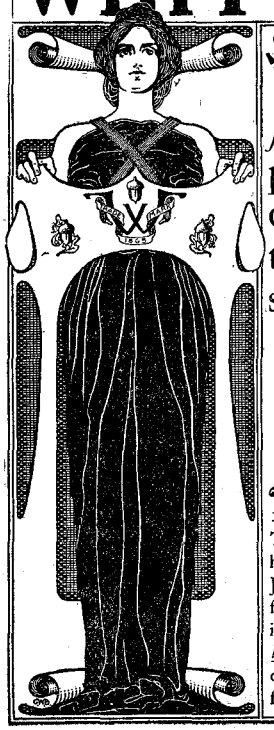

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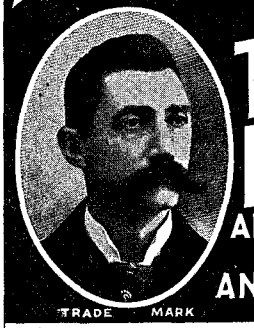

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 66 November 17, 1900 No. 12

Lord Salisbury's Speech Every year at the Lord Mayor's banquet the British Premier makes the principal speech, and, as far as it can be divulged, outlines the policy of the Government. Last week the Marquis of Salisbury, in fulfilling this function, was unusually pessimistic, even for him. He even admitted that "the trend of recent events has almost put an end to the hopes of the Russian Emperor and those who took part in the Peace Conference at The Hague." Mr. Kruger and the Empress of China, he went on to say, had forced war upon Great Britain. He earnestly maintained that the idea of invading China with "our scanty force," or of "approaching the stupendous task of governing China instead of leaving it to be governed by the Chinese," was extremely dangerous. The Anglo-German compact, he remarked, "represents the feelings of most, if not all, the Powers allied. It is impossible to lay too much emphasis upon the integrity of China and the 'open door,' and I think it a matter of great advantage that the Powers should have expressed themselves in favor of these fundamental principles, for, if they are achieved, the issue of the China problem need not concern us very anxiously." Lord Salisbury appealed to the people of England to maintain their home defenses in such a perfect condition that "we shall not be exposed to any sudden interruption of the peace upon which our prosperity depends." To Americans the speech is especially memorable from the Premier's references to America. He said that the one circumstance which had gratified him most during the past year was that the heartiest and friendliest feeling had been displayed between Great Britain and the United States; and, turning to Ambassador Choate, who was one of the Lord Mayor's guests, Lord Salisbury added: "It is quite wrong for a Secretary of State to make observations in regard to the internal politics of another country, but I am soon to relinquish that office. I therefore hope that the Ambassador will forgive me for expressing the extreme satisfaction with which we have all heard of what has recently taken place in the United States. We believe the cause which won is the cause of civilization and commercial honor. We believe those principles lie at the root of all prosperity and progress in the world."

❀

China Last week the rebellion broke out afresh in the provinces of Kuangtung and Kuangsi; and Marshal Su, Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial forces, is asking for more men. The British have despatched additional infantry and artillery from Hongkong to guard their Kaulun frontier. In the north, on the other hand, the news is more encouraging to the peace-lover. The foreign envoys in Peking announce that they have reached an agreement regarding the punishment of the main culprits, the mandarins and princes; the witnessing of the execution of such punishments by representatives of the Powers; the principle of paying damages to the several Governments for the costs of the China expeditions, and for damages sustained by private persons and missions; the permanent stationing of sufficient guards for the Peking Legations; the razing of the Taku forts; and, finally, the maintenance of secure and regular communication between Peking and the seashore. China also seems to be doing her share in this direction. Minister Wu informed Secretary Hay last week that the Board of Punishments—directed to consider the cases of Prince Tuan and other officials named in the recent edict—has made its report. Prince Tuan is sentenced

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to lose his rank, emoluments, and pay, and to forfeit his estates. His degradation is visited upon his children, though an exception may be made in the case of his son, selected as the heir apparent to the Imperial throne. Minister Wu says this punishment is considered by the Chinese officials as only short of death. Prince Tuan is not banished, there being no precedent for the exile of a prince, but this will probably be demanded by the Ministers.

❀

The Reconstruction of China

In a forthcoming work on China by the venerable Dr. Martin, President of the Imperial University of Peking, the following interesting suggestions are made, looking to the restoration of order. The suggestions are equally timely as advice for the securing of the fruits of a revolution which has placed the fate of China in the hands of the foreign Powers. Dr. Martin places the principal blame for the revolution on the Empress Dowager, and says: (1) To undo the mischief which she has accomplished, she should be sent into exile and the Emperor should be restored to his proper authority, subject to a concert of the Great Powers. Dr. Martin does not suggest any direct penalty to be visited upon the Empress; deprivation of power would in itself be sufficient punishment for a woman of her proud and haughty disposition. Should the Emperor return to Peking, however, the Dowager ought not to be allowed to accompany him, nor in any event should there be any communication allowed between her and her Imperial nephew. (2) Let all the acts of the Empress Dowager, beginning with her *coup d'état*, and including the appointment of her partisans, be canceled, except such as are approved by the new administration. (3) Let the Emperor's programme of reform be resumed, and carried out with the sanction of the Powers. (4) Let the Powers mark out their spheres of interest, and each appoint a representative to control the action of provincial governments within its own sphere. The fourth consideration raises the most serious question with which the Powers have to deal; nor is it now raised for the first time. It originated more than a score of years ago. Some of the Great Powers had then planted their feet on the portion of the Empire which they intended to claim as their special spheres, or perhaps ultimately as their territorial dependencies. Dr. Martin has lived fifty years in China. As the result of his long experience, he declares that, for the Chinese, complete independence is neither profitable nor advisable. His plan, as indicated above, would, he holds, keep existing machinery in motion, avert anarchy, favor progress, and conciliate the support of the most enlightened among the Chinese people. The alternative, in his opinion, would be the overthrow of the present dynasty and the formal partition of the Empire—a process that would involve long and bitter conflicts. Dr. Martin points out that, in the scheme proposed, foreign Powers would have time to mature their policies and to introduce gradual reforms, gaining vastly more than they could hope to secure by open or violent absorption. In short, Dr. Martin says, it is easy to govern China through the Chinese, but impossible otherwise.

❀

The Boer War

Last week's two engagements near the Koomati River in the Transvaal were important. At the first the British losses were twenty-six; at the second, fourteen. The Boers were defeated in both; their loss is unknown, but is believed to have been several times as heavy. General Buller arrived in England last week, and answered his critics vigorously. He declared that, when the history of the war was fairly written, it would be found that the British army in South Africa had confronted difficulties far greater than those which any army operating against an equally civilized enemy had ever experienced. He cited the Boers' superior range of vision and familiarity with the Kaffir language and country. The shameful drunkenness in London, for which the return of the City Imperial Volunteers from South Africa was the excuse, has called forth some remarkable protests. "The Speaker" declares that the "degrading influences of the last twelve months have left neither self-control nor self-respect in the populace, fed daily on a diet of sensationalism and passion." The "Spectator" says it were better that the people should always remain under the "long gray

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shadow left by Puritanism" than combine the "Roman elephant with the leer of the satyr on such occasions." Most impressive of all, however, is the protest from Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the British army. He expresses the hope that future welcomes will not lead to excesses tending to degrade those whom the nation delights to honor, and to lower the soldiers of the Queen in the eyes of the world. "I therefore beg earnestly," says Lord Roberts, "that the public will refrain from tempting my gallant comrades, but will rather aid them to uphold the splendid reputation which they have won for the Imperial Army. I am proud to be able to record, with the most absolute truth, that the conduct of this army from first to last has been exemplary. Not a single case of serious crime has been brought to my notice; indeed, nothing deserving the name of crime. I have trusted to the men's own soldierly feeling and good sense; and they have borne themselves like heroes on the battlefield and like gentlemen on all other occasions."

❀

The Triple Alliance In the October number of that excellent review, the "Nuova Antologia," there is a paper of much interest to students both of past history and of present politics. The article is the work of Signor Crispi, long Prime Minister of Italy. For the first time from an official Italian source, the origin of the Triple Alliance is explained. The Alliance is generally supposed to have been the work of Bismarck and his friend Crispi. The latter declares this to be a mistake. The Italian fathers of the Alliance were Signori de Robilant and Mancini, though Signor Crispi admits that he completed and renewed it. The Russo-Turkish war and the Treaty of Berlin had changed the map of eastern Europe, but Italy, at that time politically isolated, had obtained no advantages. This was not because she had not aspired to them. She pretended to have rights to the eastern shore of the Adriatic and also to Tunis. She was compelled to see the annexation of Bosnia and the Herzegovina by Austria and of Tunis by France without the ability to prevent. Doubly disappointed, Italy was compelled, if she would be a real Power, to seek friendship. That of Germany was offered to her. By political necessity Germany had already gained Austria's friendship, despite the memories of 1866. Italy gladly grasped at the chance, and changed the dual alliance into a triple one. She entered it on a footing of equality, without being asked to take upon herself any engagements which might hamper her liberty of action. While, by the laws of equilibrium, this conjunction of Powers determined the gradual formation of the Franco-Russian alliance, says Signor Crispi, Italy really rendered an indirect service to France, a country also suffering from isolation after the war of 1870–1. In addition, as Germany separates France and Russia, Italy has nothing to fear from the new dual alliance. For her part, France, becoming yearly calmer, has been able more and more to appreciate things as they are. She now sees in the Alliance uniting Germany, Austria, and Italy no permanent menace for her.

❀

The Canadian Election The Canadian elections were held on November 7, and the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was sustained by a large majority. The last House of Commons was composed of 134 Liberals and Independent members who usually supported the Government, 78 Conservatives, and one member classed as a representative of the Labor party. In five outlying constituencies the elections have not yet been held, but when they are completed the supporters of the Government in the new House are likely to number 130, the Conservatives 80, and the Independents 3. The fifteen members of the Government who have seats in the House of Commons have all been returned by large majorities, while on the Conservative side many of the leaders of the party have suffered defeat. Among the most notable of these are Sir Charles Tupper, the Conservative leader, Mr. Foster, ex-Minister of Finance, Sir Adolph Caron, and Hugh John Macdonald, only son of the late Sir John Macdonald, and regarded by many as the coming leader of his party. While the Government majority remains almost the same, the Liberals met with a decided reverse in the great English-speaking Province of Ontario, where, out of 92 members, the Government has but 36

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supporters as against 51 in the last House. On the other hand, it has made heavy gains in the Province of Quebec, where 57 out of 65 members are now supporters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Liberals also made large gains in the Maritime Provinces. The large Liberal majority in Quebec is principally due to the great popularity of Sir Wilfrid Laurier with the French-Canadians, who are proud that one of their own race should be at the head of the Government. The Conservative journals in Quebec attribute the overwhelming defeat of their party in that Province to the raising of the racial cry against Sir Wilfrid Laurier by the Conservatives of Ontario. This, they assert, caused the French-Canadians to rally around him as they never had done before. The raising of the racial cry against Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Ontario undoubtedly told against the Liberals in some parts of that Province, notably in Toronto, which was swept by the Conservatives; but the principal reason for the Government losses in Ontario seems to have been a widespread feeling that they had failed to carry out their ante-election pledges to cut down the annual expenditure and reduce the public debt, which is now over fifty dollars per capita. It can hardly be said that there was a leading issue in the campaign, although general satisfaction with existing conditions is the chief indication in the result. On the Government side the electors were exhorted to vote for a continuance of prosperity and the full dinner-pail, while the Conservatives attacked the Government for admitting British goods at preferential rates without securing preferential treatment for Canadian exports to Great Britain. If this was the issue, English-speaking Canada has declared against the British preference, and French-speaking Canada for it. The sending of the military contingents to South Africa was a subject of much discussion. In Quebec Sir Wilfrid Laurier was attacked by the Conservative candidates for sending any contingent, while in Ontario he was attacked for not sending them with greater promptness. Since the election, Sir Charles Tupper, who is now in his eightieth year, has announced that he will not accept a seat for another constituency, and the Conservative party is thus left for the present without a leader.

Cuba's Constitutional Convention

Little progress was made by the Constitutional Convention in Cuba in its first week's session. The disputed election cases evidently caused some delay and anxiety, while other preliminary matters are still to be settled, chief among which is the question whether the sessions of the Convention shall be open or secret. It is alleged that those of the delegates who are urging that the sessions should be private are opposed to such a federal form of government as the United States possesses, although the advocates of that form of government insist that the delegates were selected on an understanding by the voters that this plan should be adopted. It is said, on the other hand, that the delegates could not freely discuss the important questions before them if the sessions were to be open, and the precedent of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States is cited. In either case there is little doubt that the public will be kept pretty well informed of the proceedings of the Convention. The election of a permanent President for the Convention will occur this week; and then, for the first time, there is expected to appear a sharp division of the Convention on political lines between the Republicans and the Nationalists. General Wood, in opening the Convention, used the following language:

> It will be your duty, first of all, to frame and adopt a Constitution for Cuba, and when that has been done, to formulate what, in your opinion, ought to be the relations between Cuba and the United States. The Constitution must be adequate to secure stable, orderly, and free government. When you have formulated the relations which, in your opinion, ought to exist between Cuba and the United States, the Government of the United States will doubtless take such action on its part as shall lead to a final and authoritative agreement between the people of the two countries, to the promotion of their common interests.

General Wood's address indicates a welcome change from the position taken in the call for the Convention, which, after stating that it would be the duty of the delegates to form a convention, added: "And, *as a part thereof*, provide for and agree with the Government of the United States upon the relations to exist between that Government and the Government of

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Cuba." Such an agreement ought to be made, in order to secure the interests and promote the welfare of both parties, but we ought not to require that such agreement be incorporated in the Constitution. General Wood wisely advised calmness, self-restraint, and conservatism in the deliberations of the Convention; and pointed out that the fundamental distinction between representative government and dictatorship is that in the former every representative of the people confines himself strictly within the limits of his defined powers. Eminently proper and commendable was the first utterance of the Convention, which was one of appreciation and gratitude to the United States Government and to Governor-General Wood for the aid given to the Cuban people in advancing toward self-government. This utterance of the Convention neither expressed nor implied any doubt of the sincerity of the United States in aiding Cuba to attain "the liberty and independence of the Cuban people."

❀

Conditions in Cuba We have received the following letter from General Wood, which we give to the public promptly. The apparent delay is due only to the time involved in its transmission through the mails:

Headquarters Division of Cuba, Havana,
November 5, 1900.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your edition of November 3, under heading "General Wood on Cuba," you quote me as saying that full reports of the yellow fever condition were not made public last year. *I have never made any such statement.* I simply stated that the reports were not published last year in the same manner as they are at present. There is absolutely nothing in my remark to warrant that anything about yellow fever was withheld or concealed. Nothing can be further from the fact. Last year there was a monthly statement of fever conditions given out. This year we publish it daily in the local press, and give the statements day by day to the representatives of the American press; the purpose being to keep the American public fully informed as to exact conditions, as I do not care to have a large number of Americans come here without knowing the yellow fever situation, which, while not serious, is still sufficiently pronounced to render it desirable that it should be known to all intending visitors.

LEONARD WOOD.

The Outlook is often dependent on the daily journals for its information, and it is liable at times to be misled. In this case the misapprehension of the daily press was not unnatural; at least it is easy to see how the statement that the reports were not published last year in the same manner as they are at present might lead to the impression that they were not published as fully. One radical difference between American and Spanish administration lies in the fact, illustrated by this letter, that the facts are made public under an American administration which were concealed under Spanish, and that thus at times the worst is reported. This is as it should be; publicity is one of the best methods of securing correction of public evils.

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The Porto Rican Election A singular election was that which took place in Porto Rico last week, the first since the island has come under the control of the United States. The singularity is found in the extraordinary fact that while from sixty to seventy-five thousand votes were cast (the meager accounts which have reached this country vary as widely as this), only two or three hundred votes were polled by the minority party; the Republicans in Porto Rico, therefore, may felicitate themselves on having gained proportionately the largest majority ever attained in an election under United States laws. The two parties in the island were known as the Republicans and the Federals. The reason of the enormous disparity in the vote is found in the fact—one which we believe to be unique in election contests—that the Federal party formally withdrew from the contest before the election day. It appears that the leaders of the Federal party claim that gross injustice had been done to their party in the method of registration, and they proposed to appeal to the courts after the election for the purpose of nullifying the results. The object of the election was to choose delegates to the inferior of the two legislative bodies established by the Porto Rican law passed at the last session of Congress. Under that law qualifications for voters are stated as follows: "All citizens of Porto Rico shall be allowed to vote who have been bona-fide residents for one year, and who possess the other quali-

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fications of voters under the laws and military orders in force on the first day of March, 1900, subject to such modifications and additional qualifications and such regulations and restrictions as to registration as may be prescribed by the Executive Council." The qualifications for voters in the municipal elections in the fall of 1899 were that the voter be a bona-fide male resident of the municipality, over twenty-one years of age, and either a taxpayer of record or able to read and write. Whether these qualifications have been since altered, either by military orders or by the Executive Council, we are not able at this writing to ascertain; inquiry at Washington fails to obtain information on this point. The total registration for this election was about one hundred and twenty thousand, and as seventy-five thousand votes were cast, there would seem to be a probability that the Federals possessed only a minority of the voters, amounting to perhaps forty thousand. In addition to members of the House of Delegates, a Commissioner to represent Porto Rico in Congress (but of course without a vote) was chosen. The Republican candidate elected was Señor Gonzales; and, owing to the withdrawal of the Federal ticket, there was practically no opposition. The Porto Rican Legislature meets on December 3. Governor-General Allen is reported as saying that the election marks a forward step for Porto Rico, both because it was quiet and orderly, and because, as he thinks, the success of the Republican party indicates immediate legislation in the direction of the protection of property rights, more schools, and better roads; while it also implies a cordial reception by the people of the American government.

❀

General MacArthur's Report

As a renewed and aggressive campaign is, according to semi-official reports from Washington, about to begin in the Philippines, the wet season now being about over, General MacArthur's report, which covers the time from May 1, 1900, to September 1 last, really marks a complete period in the history of the war. In large part it is occupied with a consideration of the motives and sentiments of the natives toward Americans, and the nature and causes of the so-called guerrilla methods now adopted. General MacArthur points out the conditions of the country which aid the natives in this kind of warfare; shows that the fact that we were occupying on September 1 of this year four hundred and thirteen stations explains the number of minor skirmishes; and reports the casualties of Americans during the months named above as 268 killed, 750 wounded, and 55 captured, while the Filipino losses for the same time were 3,227 killed, 694 wounded, and 2,684 captured. He plainly states that the extensive distribution of troops has strained the soldiers of the army to the full limit of endurance. This is further confirmed by the annexed report upon health conditions, which shows that in June of this year, out of a total of 63,284 for our army, there were 5,563 sick, making the large percentage of 8.79 per cent. Coming to the relations of the Filipinos to the Americans, General MacArthur declares that the Filipinos are not a warlike or ferocious people. Left to themselves, he thinks a large number would gladly accept American supremacy; but he adds, "They have been maddened during the past five years by rhetorical sophistry and stimulants applied to national pride," and seem to be actuated by the idea that "in all doubtful matters of politics or war men are never nearer right than when going with their own kith and kin, regardless of consequences." General MacArthur admits that some further explanation of the unity of action of the natives in aiding the guerrilla warfare is necessary, and states that even where we have organized municipal governments it is quite common for secret Filipino municipal governments to exist side by side with the American governments, even acting through the same personnel, and, "paradoxical as it may seem, with considerable apparent solicitude for the interests of both." Intimidation is not enough, says General MacArthur, to account for this, and he somewhat cumbrously ascribes the adhesive principle to "ethnological homogeneity, which induces men to respond for a time to the appeals of consanguineous leadership, even when such action is opposed to their own interest." In the final paragraphs of his report General MacArthur discusses the possibility of a

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republican form of government in the islands, and, while he at first finds it difficult to realize that there is possibility of such a future, and admits the necessity of the presence of a large American military and naval force for many years to come, he still finds reasonable possibilities for an eventual establishing of representative government.

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The Ice Trust The answer of Mayor Van Wyck to the charges against him relating to the Ice Trust has been made public, together with the opinion on the charges rendered to Governor Roosevelt by Attorney-General Davies, of New York State. These charges were brought by the New York "World," and Mr. Davies finds in them a lack of evidence, a doubt as to who was responsible as counsel, and, generally, much informality. As to their substance, Mr. Davies finds that Mayor Van Wyck did hold stock in the American Ice Company, but that when it was bought the Company had no business relations with the city of New York, and as soon as the Mayor discovered that such relations existed he began to sell his stock. In all respects but one, Mr. Davies finds the Mayor's reply satisfactory; that exception is in the fact that Mayor Van Wyck bought the stock from the President of the Company on credit, at very favorable terms; others than Mr. Davies do not hesitate to draw the inference that the Mayor practically received a large present from the Ice Trust, and presumably for municipal favors or official influence. The Attorney-General's conclusion is that there is not sufficient basis for further action by the Governor in the way of appointing a commission to consider the charges. This report by Mr. Davies was dated on October 4, and was sent to Governor Roosevelt in the Far West, where he was engaged in Republican campaigning. Mr. Davies recommended that the papers in the case should not be made public until Governor Roosevelt returned, as in point of fact no official action could constitutionally be taken out of the State. It may be stated, in connection with this matter, that the New York "World" published what purported to be a telegram from Mr. Odell to Governor Roosevelt, urging that Mayor Van Wyck's answer should not be made public until after election, lest it imperil Republican chances. Governor Roosevelt, however, is quoted by the New York "Tribune" as saying that this telegram was "an absolute fake." He added, "I am going to make the telegraph company prove it a fake." We earnestly hope that Governor Roosevelt will carry out this intention, as the public as well as individuals concerned should be protected from outrageous forgery. Mr. Roosevelt's declination to make public the Mayor's answer or the Attorney-General's report was based on the uniform practice of the Executive not to publish any of the proceedings in such cases until a decision is reached; and apparently it was within the power of the Mayor to have published his reply at any time.

❀

A Criticism This report gives us occasion to offer a criticism on the recent political campaign which we did not offer while it was pending, because it concerns a matter of minor detail, and it did not seem to us wise to deflect public thought from fundamental issues to subordinate questions. We venture to doubt the practical wisdom of the kind of campaigning illustrated most strikingly by the railroad tours of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt. The speech which a candidate for office can make from the rear platform of a car in ten minutes, to a crowd which has come to see and not to listen, still less to learn, is not educative. It has and can have no such serious effect on the public mind as the debates in Illinois between Lincoln and Douglas, or such speeches as that of Elihu Root at Canton, and that of Carl Schurz at Cooper Union. When such a railroad campaign is undertaken by candidates for President and Vice-President respectively, the soberer portion of the American people cannot but feel that there is involved a loss of dignity; and when, in addition, it takes the Governor of a great State like New York away, not merely from the capital, but from the State, so that he is not able, under the constitution, to take executive action in so serious a matter as is involved in charges against the Mayor of a city containing over three millions of inhabitants, there is a failure in public duty as well. It is true that in this case the charges against the Mayor were not sustained; but it is also true that he

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remained under their shadow, and the right to a *speedy* hearing and determination of the case was practically denied to him. Mr. Roosevelt has done such good work as Governor of the State, and especially his prompt action in holding the Mayor responsible for Chief of Police Devery's order was so effectual in securing for the city of New York a peaceful election in the face of the ominous threats of Mr. Croker, that we are reluctant to add our criticisms to those of his political opponents. But the time is opportune for saying that such an executive absence from the State is an example which we hope may not be followed in future campaigns; and the friends of Mr. Roosevelt are the ones to give expression to that conviction.

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Railway Earnings A retrospect of railway earnings for the past four years is a cheering one in that earnings each year have exceeded the previous year. During the first half of 1900 the increase has been enormous, being no less than fifty per cent. in gross earnings and in net sixty-two per cent. With these figures in mind it is not surprising to note that sixty active railway securities appreciated an average of over thirty-five dollars per share during the three years following 1896. Present operations in Wall Street reach half a million shares a day. A comparison of quotations for railway securities between those existing four years ago and the present is as follows:

	1896.	1900.
Canada Southern	43	52
Chesapeake & Ohio	13	30
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	59	127
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	65	114
Chicago & Northwestern	92	163
Chi., R. I. & Pacific	54	107
Clev., C., C. & St. Louis	23	62
Del., Lack. & Western	142	179
Illinois Central	85	118
Lake Erie & Western pf	59	100
Louisville & Nashville	42	74
Metropolitan Street Ry	84	155
Missouri Pacific	17	52
New Jersey Central	92	135
New York Central	92	131
Southern Pacific	17	34
Southern Railway pf	19	55

Quotations cannot be advanced excessively without danger of reaction; even the present high prices, however, are not refused by New York City banks and other conservative institutions in arranging for permanent investments. Their purchases of prime dividend-paying stocks and bonds continue to be notably large.

❀

Roman Catholics and American Citizenship In a recent number of the "North American Review," the Rt. Rev. J. A. McFaul, Roman Catholic Bishop of Trenton, New Jersey, asked some searching questions. Among them were the following: Are Roman Catholics in the United States permitted to enjoy their constitutional rights in their integrity? Are they allowed the free exercise of their religion? Does the flag guarantee and protect them in rights equivalent to those of every other citizen? Are there any grievances of which Roman Catholics have reason to complain? He claims that grievances do obtain. One is the alleged difficulty of obtaining permission to preach Roman Catholic doctrine to Roman Catholic adults in penal, charitable, and educational institutions, to teach the catechism to Roman Catholic children there, and to administer the sacraments. Bishop McFaul justly claims for Roman Catholic clergymen the right to enter State institutions at seasonable times and to give the benefits of their religious rites and teaching to Roman Catholics. He is not so reasonable in his demand that the system of worship and religious teaching at present existing in many institutions should be abolished, because it apparently leads to proselytism. He says that the constitutions of the United States and of the several States guarantee the rights of conscience to the inmates of public institutions. Why, then, he asks, are Roman Catholics obliged to be present at non-Roman Catholic instruction and prayers? Why should clergymen be subjected to annoyance, not to say harshness, when bringing the consolations of their religion to Roman Catholics? Bishop McFaul's second grievance has to do with the treatment of Roman Catholic Indian schools by the Government. He quotes the following from a letter signed by Cardinal Gibbons: "Despite the fact that Religious Orders and other Catholic bodies have equipped schools for the education of the Indian children in full confidence that the Government would not reverse its recognized and successful policy of subsidizing

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these schools, yet, in the height of their success and in spite of their doing the work cheaper and better than the Government itself could do it, we find that the subsidy has been for the greater part and will eventually be entirely withdrawn." "In other words," adds Bishop McFaul, "our enemies would rather have the Indian children grow up without religion than taught the tenets of the Catholic Church." His third grievance is the payment of taxes by Roman Catholics for the support of schools to which they cannot conscientiously send their children. The remedy suggested is concerted action among Roman Catholic societies; this would probably lead to political unity among Roman Catholics, though Bishop McFaul adds, "I have not the remotest idea of promoting or even suggesting a Roman Catholic political party."

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Roman Catholics and Constitutional Rights

This complaint is answered by a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. T. H. Malone, of Denver, a member of the Colorado State Board of Charities and Correction. His article also appears in the "North American Review." Father Malone says that, while there have been some instances of friction in New Jersey, the cases are rare in which Roman Catholic priests have been hindered in ministering to their co-religionists in any city, county, State, or Federal institution in America. He admits that, in isolated cases, Roman Catholic priests may have been hampered by an excess either of official machinery or of bigotry on the part of officials. But, he protests, "a particular instance of this character cannot, in logic or common sense, be adduced in support of a universal conclusion that Roman Catholics are prevented from receiving spiritual ministrations in charitable, penal, and reformatory institutions. To do so would be as unjust as to assume that Roman Catholic ecclesiastical authority is unwilling to supply the religious needs of these institutions because, in a certain case, a State Board of Charities and Correction has been unable to secure the ministrations of a Roman Catholic clergyman in the institutions under its control." Father Malone declares that he has visited prisons in all parts of the United States, that he has everywhere been received with good will, and that at all seasonable times he could have celebrated mass and given religious instruction to Roman Catholic inmates. While he deplores the fact that Roman Catholic Indian schools have been hampered (if the failure of the Government to make further appropriations for their support has so resulted), he finds it difficult to understand how any one could expect that the Government "would return to its policy of subsidizing these schools." He points out that, five years ago, under the Cleveland administration, the United States Government declared its definite and irrevocable policy in the future to be the refusal of support to private Indian schools. Of this intention five years' notice was given—the support being withdrawn at the rate of twenty per cent. annually. No direct answer is made to Bishop McFaul's theory that the taxes paid by Roman Catholics should be turned over to Roman Catholic authorities for the maintenance of Roman Catholic schools. Father Malone's words, however, are not consistent with such a theory: "I quite agree with a distinguished Catholic author that it would be much better if both Catholics and Protestants would cease accepting money from the State for any purpose." The Outlook absolutely agrees with him in this respect; whether he agrees with The Outlook that public education is a matter for the State primarily and only for the Church secondarily we are not sure; but this is the opinion of some eminent Roman Catholic authorities.

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A Papal Encyclical

Leo XIII. has addressed to the Roman Catholic Bishops an encyclical, dated November 1, on the subject of the Redeemer. The Pontiff says he rejoices at the assemblage of Catholics from all parts of the world in Rome during Holy Year, which, he adds, demonstrates that the peoples are marching toward Christ. He exhorts the world to seek the Redeemer, which, the Pope points out, is the road to truth and life, adding: "As Christ's coming to the world reformed society, so the latter, in turning to Christ, will become better, and be saved by following his doctrines and divine law, by discountenancing revolt

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against the constituted powers and avoiding conflicts." If the peoples acted so, the encyclical continues, they would all love one another as brothers, and obey peacefully their superiors. Neglect of God, the Pontiff further asserts, has led to so many disorders that the peoples are oppressed with incessant fears and anguish. He concludes with urging the Bishops to make known to the entire world that the Redeemer and Saviour of mankind alone can bring salvation and peace. We commend this encyclical to the Western clergyman whose article "Wanted, a Motive," called out the editorial a reply to which, with our response, will be found on another page. The Pope appears to believe that the Gospel is a fact and a life rather than a dogma.

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Dr. Hall on Bible Study President Stanley Hall, of Clark University, recently made an address on Bible Instruction in the Sunday-School which has attracted no little attention and some criticism, and which appears to us to be full of value. As reported, we should characterize it as an attempt to apply psychological principles in the construction of a course of Bible study. Its keynote is the declaration that the succession of the books of the Bible is about as good pedagogy as can be devised, simply because they take the child through the same order of religious experiences as has been traversed by the race in its spiritual evolution. He would, therefore, begin with the Bible stories, presumptively the Creation, the Fall, the Patriarchal stories, and so on through Samson, Jephtha, David, Elijah, and Elisha. Where he would put Job, the Psalms, the Proverbs, and the Prophets does not appear from the report before us. When the arrival of adolescence comes is the time for the introduction of the New Testament, with its new birth of love. To attempt to introduce it before is to anticipate the order of nature. Justice, law, obedience, habit-making, must precede the spontaneous and free life of the spirit inculcated in and developed by the New Testament. Not until the later years of adolescence is there a natural attraction to the spirit of entire devotion as manifested by Jesus, and then is the time for teaching pity, charity, and other unselfish tendencies.

On the Life of Christ Moreover, in teaching this life, at first the object should be simply to present it as a human life, without, on the one hand, perplexing the child's mind with any doctrine of divinity, or, on the other, still less, explaining away the miracles. On this subject we quote from the Rev. George William Cooke's interpretative report in the Boston "Transcript:"

> It is a dangerous thing to mix up Deity and humanity, and to set Jesus apart from others. The result is that children are not attracted to Jesus, and they never will be until his simple humanity is presented to them. On the other hand, as the mental attitude of the child is that of those who believe in miracles, no effort should be made to keep from children the miraculous element in his life. Miracles should be interpreted as a great expression of love, but the mysteries of the Trinity and incarnation should be kept away from the young.

It is, we believe, this statement which has subjected Dr. Hall to the severest criticism. But we believe that in it he is thoroughly correct. Paul came to his knowledge of Jesus through the revelation of his divine appearance while the Apostle was on the road to Damascus. But the twelve came in the other way; they knew him first as a teacher, then as the Messiah, not certainly till after his resurrection as divine. It is in this way that the mind most naturally comes to know Christ's divinity. If it is to know that God was in Christ, it must first know the Christ in whom he was. If acquaintance with the human life of Jesus does not suffice to develop acquaintance with the divine spirit which filled and radiated that life, nothing can suffice for that purpose.

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St. George's Church Of the increasing number of Year-Books published by our churches, that of St. George's, New York City, still maintains its lead in interest. St. George's is essentially a downtown church; perhaps it has successfully solved more problems than has any other religious institution similarly situated. Within the past year, however, its situation has again changed. As Dr. Rainsford, the rector, says, from the nature of the movement in the population of the city, those who are liberally supplied with means form each year a lessening proportion of the congregation;

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but poor people, too, are now moving away from the neighborhood; nor are the causes of this movement hard to understand:

Here is a family that comes in contact with the church when the children are quite little. These join the kindergarten and juvenile Sunday-school classes. In their early teens the boys go into the Trade-school, the girls into the Junior Friendly. Later the boys are to be found in the Battalion, and still later in the Men's Club, while the girls have graduated to the various classes of the Girls' Friendly or King's Daughters. The whole status of the family has risen, and when these children, who came to us before their teens, reach their early twenties, the family comes to the conclusion that the neighborhood in which they have lived for many years isn't good enough for them, and they move to Brooklyn or to One Hundred and Fiftieth Street. It is absolutely true that our poor people are moving away almost as rapidly as our rich have moved. You will see that, the facts being as I state them, the work of the church is not made easier thereby. We have to stand our ground, and do what we can for thousands of people who in a few years will not be numbered in our flock. Surely the work of the downtown church in New York presents difficulties and opportunities that are unique.

A new departure made during the past year was the freeing of Dr. Rainsford's staff from all other work for a fortnight, that it might devote its attention to a house-to-house visitation of certain blocks east of First Avenue. Over 2,200 visits were made; not the usual hurried calls made by census-takers, but visits often prolonged to an hour, in which the information desired was sought until it was obtained. On the admirable scheme of lectures addressed to workingmen which found successful realization last winter, The Outlook has already commented. Dr. Rainsford's next need to be supplied is as follows: "I want to give the young working people opportunity for meeting. . . . Opportunities for social intercourse are an immense moral safeguard. . . . As things are to-day in New York, where can a young man and a young woman meet? Not in the tenement house. That is too crowded and generally too hot. The street is a poor place, and to loiter there and talk is contrary to law. The hasty 'move on' of the policeman is not a pleasant though it is a very common experience." Dr. Rainsford would provide a large, simply furnished room, with a piano and papers and writing materials—a church drawing-room always open. The idea is a good one, and we hope to see the experiment tried.

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Educational Progress

The report of Dr. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, for the year ending June 30, 1899, which has recently been issued by the Government, shows a total enrollment of pupils in American schools and colleges of all kinds of 16,738,362; of these more than fifteen million pupils were in attendance on the public schools, and about a million and a half were in private schools and colleges. Before 1896 the average school year in the public schools of the country had never exceeded one hundred and forty days; during the year covered by the report the average rose to 143 2-10 days. Of the entire population of the country during the period covered by the report, about one person in four and a half was in attendance upon schools, and about one in every five hundred of the population was receiving a college education. The work of teaching was performed by about four hundred thousand teachers in the common schools, of whom sixty-eight in every hundred were women; the latter received on an average $38.14 monthly; the men teachers, $45.25. The public schools receive from funds raised by taxation about two hundred millions of dollars, the average amount for each person being $2.67. To this ought to be added the fact, commented upon in The Outlook at the time, that the amount of money given by private persons for educational purposes in this country during last year exceeded seventy millions of dollars. With this great public and private generosity has come not only increased educational facilities of every sort, but a prolonged period of school life. Thirty years ago the average child in the public schools received three years of training; last year the average child received nearly four and a half years of training. The standards of teaching have steadily risen; and while much remains to be done in detaching the public schools of the country entirely from politics and in substituting fresh and individual methods of training for mechanical methods, the advance of the country in the last twenty years in all educational matters has been most encouraging.

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The Election

Without attempting here to account for the victory of the Republican party at the polls, but reminding our readers that Mr. McKinley's popular plurality of seven hundred thousand in a total vote of about fifteen millions—that is, less than five per cent. of the total vote—does not indicate so overwhelming a public sentiment in favor of the Republican party and the Republican principles as would otherwise seem to be indicated by the overwhelming majority in the Electoral College, we here merely attempt to report the vote in some detail and to indicate the significance of local and sectional changes of feeling and opinion as shown by an analysis of the vote in the different parts of the country.

In the results reported in these columns last week the latest returns make no change whatever. Mr. Bryan's electoral vote is 155—the smallest received by any Democratic candidate since 1880, when General Hancock received the same number of votes in a smaller electoral college. It is, however, a larger vote by 10 than President Harrison received in 1892. Mr. McKinley's electoral vote is 292—the largest number ever received by any candidate for President, and the largest proportion of the electoral college supporting any candidate since 1872, when President Grant received 286 votes against 42 for his opponent. On the popular vote the latest reports confirm last week's estimates. In some of the Southern States the local press has not yet published complete returns, but enough have been received to show that President McKinley's popular plurality is at least seven hundred thousand votes—or about one hundred thousand more than four years ago. This plurality is one of the largest ever polled, though it is a trifle less than that received by President Grant in 1872, when the total vote was only half as large. Comparing the results this year with those four years ago, the East—particularly in the cities—shows Democratic gains, the South remains the same, and the West—particularly in the rural districts—shows Republican gains.

In the East the Democratic gains seem to be largely the result of the return of Gold Democrats to their old party allegiance. In New England alone does the issue of imperialism seem to have won the Democratic party many votes at the expense of the Republican. In that section, however, the majorities against Mr. Bryan in Maine and Vermont were about four thousand less than the majorities against the Democratic State candidates two months ago, and in Massachusetts the majority against Mr. Bryan was sixteen thousand less than that against the Democratic candidate for Governor at the same election. Congressman McCall, the anti-imperialist Republican, ran three thousand votes ahead of Mr. McKinley in his Congressional district. This vote seems to have registered the high-water mark of anti-imperialist enthusiasm. In Connecticut, owing chiefly to local issues, Mr. Bryan ran fourteen thousand votes behind the Democratic candidate for Governor: and in New York, owing chiefly to the silver issue, he ran nearly sixty thousand behind. In Pennsylvania the Republican plurality of three hundred thousand four years ago was repeated—and, unfortunately, Mr. Quay is able to claim a majority in the newly elected Legislature.

In the Southern States the changes from four years ago were generally too trivial to record. In Maryland the Republican majority was reduced, and in Kentucky it was reversed, but in both States the Democrats failed to hold their own as compared with 1899. The Middle-of-the-Road Populist vote was insignificant except in Texas, and even there it was small. In the Middle West the Republicans sustained some losses in cities, where they had made their astounding gains in 1896, but in all States except Illinois more than offset these losses by gains in the rural districts where the Silver Republican movement had been strong four years ago. West of the Missouri the Republicans made enormous gains everywhere, though they did not, except on the Pacific coast, recover the strength they had prior to the rise of the Populist party. Here, as in the far East, there was a strongly marked return of voters to their old allegiance.

The most notable fact in the agricultural States was that, in Kansas and also in Nebraska, Mr. Bryan ran several thousand votes behind the Populist candidates for Governor. Whether this was due to Populist and Silver Republican

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resentment of the rejection of Mr. Towne at Kansas City, or whether it was due to opposition to Mr. Bryan's position respecting the Philippines, is not clear. From the Rocky Mountains west, however, it is clear that the Republican party made enormous gains on the issue of expansion. In Utah a majority of five to one for Mr. Bryan in 1896 is replaced by a majority for Mr. McKinley, and in California, which was a doubtful State even before the silver question arose, the Republican majority is nearly forty thousand. Democrats do not dispute the cause of their loss in the Far West. Of the minor parties, the Prohibitionists claim to have doubled or trebled their vote of 1896, and the Social Democrats are pointing with pride to the fact that Mr. Debs polled five thousand votes in Chicago, and more votes than Mr. Bryan in Haverhill, Mass. The aggregate vote of the smaller parties cannot be accurately estimated until the official returns are published.

On these facts The Outlook sees no reason to change its general interpretation of the election as given editorially last week.

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Silence and Solitude

"Besides that mental solitude to which you may retreat," wrote St. Francis of Sales, "even amidst the largest companies, . . . you ought also to love local and real solitude; not that I expect you to go into the desert, . . . but to be for some time alone in your chamber or garden, or in some other place where, undisturbed, you may withdraw your spirit into itself, and recreate your soul with pious meditations, holy thoughts, or by a little spiritual reading. After the example of the great Bishop of Nazianzum who, speaking of himself, says, 'I walked all alone, about sunset, and passed the time upon the seashore; for I am accustomed to use this recreation to refresh myself, and to shake off a little my ordinary cares;' . . . after the example also of St. Ambrose, of whom St. Augustine relates that often, going into his chamber (for he never denied entrance to any one), he found him reading, and that, after staying a while, for fear of interrupting him, he departed again without saying a word, thinking that the little time that remained to this great pastor for recruiting his spirit, after the hurry of so many affairs as he had upon his hands, ought not to be taken from him. So when the Apostles one day told our Lord how they had preached, and how much they had done, He said to them, 'Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest a while.'"

In these words the great Bishop puts the whole duty of solitude; the duty of securing it for ourselves and the duty of preserving it for others. The great arena of the world in which men act, strive, seek, speak, and work is the place in which we give expression in many forms to our inward power. In that turbulent field, filled with cries of every sort, and the tumult and noise of a thousand occupations, we do our work and turn the inward force into resolute and efficient character. There the idea becomes a deed, the aspiration is transformed into an achievement, the hope into reality; and the undeveloped man becomes a trained, intelligent, and harmonious power among men.

But the springs of a man's life are not in this great turbulent field; they rise in secret and solitary places far from the tumult and dust of the arena. In society a man puts forth his strength; in solitude he re-creates his soul. He works for and with God in the crowded thoroughfares; but he meets God face to face in deserts and lonely places. The great spirits, who not only act for men but who feed their deepest life, are nourished in solitude; they must have silence and isolation; for it is in silence and solitude that the deepest truths come to the soul. It was while he plowed the fields of Ayrshire that the music of the Scotch fields became articulate in the heart of Burns. Wordsworth's vision and inspiration came to him as he paced his little garden or roamed across the hills from Grasmere to Rydal Mount, or meditated on Loughrigg Terrace. Tennyson's exquisite lyrics were born between blossoming hedgerows or in the silence of fragrant days in Surrey and the Isle of Wight. The greatest of teachers sought healing from wounds inflicted by an uncomprehending world in the quietness of desert places. No man can grow in spirit and ripen in soul without the aid of silence and solitude.

But while we seek these conditions for ourselves, we often deny them to others.

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We exhaust and deplete the most promising teachers by our demands on their time and strength. Popularity is fatal to all save the resolute, because it takes from a man the conditions which are essential to growth. The young artist to whom nature has given the touch of genius must fight for his life against the tide that beats against his peace and time and would sweep both away with relentless eagerness. The young writer who has the vision and the faculty will have the springs of freshness and originality in his soul drained dry unless he bolts the door between himself and a popularity which is as dangerous to his growth as an artist as it is generous in intention. The young preacher whose word has the music or the truth which men love as they love nothing else is swept into a sea of activities which absorb and exhaust him unless he resolutely guards his time and his solitude as sacred to his soul and his work. He serves his people best who gains and keeps that freshness of the spirit which makes him sight to the blind, ears to the deaf, and life and light to those who sit in dark places. Many congregations take too little thought for the growth of their ministers, and limit the power which ought to have steadily expanded, and blight the promise which ought to have been fulfilled in increasing spirituality and ripeness of mind. The right to grow is sacred; no one ought to take it from a man even if he is willing to lose it. Silence and solitude ought to be sacredly preserved for all those who are to teach, to lead, and to inspire.

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Service and Thanks

It is natural to expect some expression of appreciation from those upon whom we confer benefits. Men expect to be thanked when they have rendered service, and that expectation is based, not only on the usages of courtesy, but on the human instinct. The ungrateful man and the unappreciative man are visited with something like contempt in public opinion; they are more objectionable than men who commit offenses of a much more serious character. But this natural desire for the appreciation of benefits may become a danger to those who are in the way of rendering service to others; for service ought to have no root in the hope of recognition, any more than sound work ought to be done for the sake of recompense. Recompense is just, and ought to be expected; but a man must put skill, honesty, and thoroughness into his work for the sake of his own integrity; in like manner a man ought to serve his fellows, not for what they are going to give him in return, but because service is his business in this world.

From one point of view it is a matter of entire indifference whether we are thanked or not. It is no concern of ours whether a great service which we have rendered to a fellow-being draws from him an expression of gratitude; the manner in which our service is met is important to him, not to us; we are concerned with the doing of the deed; he is concerned with his attitude toward our act. It is significant that almost nothing is said in the Gospels about the services which men rendered to Christ; everything is said, on the other hand, of the services which Christ rendered to men.

But this way of estimating service never occurred to Christ. It never occurs to the heroic and the self-sacrificing; they are concerned to give the utmost without reference to what is to be returned to them. It is enough for them to find a fellow-being in a situation which appeals for help; that of itself evokes their activity. Work, if it is to be sustained and powerful, must be the result of an inward conviction, or of a spiritual impulse; it must not depend for its energy on the stimulus which comes from any kind of recognition or gratitude. A man is to serve his country, no matter how badly his country treats him; Benedict Arnold's tragic end is a dramatic example of the corruption which enters into a man's nature when he bases his service, not on duty, but on recognition. A man is to serve his community to the utmost of his ability, and with entire sincerity of devotion, without reference to local recognition. The great servants of society—the teachers, prophets, poets, and leaders—have never looked for pay; rewards were sometimes given them and sometimes denied them, but they poured out all that was most original and forceful in their natures under the impulse of conviction or the

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passion for service. Applause is good if it comes, but a man can do his work without applause. What he cannot do is to measure the work by the applause, and to give and do only so much as he is paid for giving and doing.

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What is Religion?

It is very curious that there should be such widely different answers to this simple and fundamental question. For clearness of understanding of religious debate it is above all things important that the disputants understand what they are disputing about. And religious disputes are perplexing partly because the word religion is used by the disputants with such widely different meaning.

Thus, Theodore Parker defines religion as "being good and doing good." "I told her," he says in one of his letters, "there was, to my thinking, but one religion—that was *being good and doing good.*" Mr. Chadwick, in his recent admirable biography of Theodore Parker, quotes this sentence, giving the italics as we give them, and supplements it by saying: "A complete disclosure of his thought would, however, have revealed that, to his thinking, a man could not *be good* without loving God, at least unconsciously." But even with this supplemental explanation Theodore Parker's definition of religion is to the Evangelical believer no true definition; it does not even indicate the most important element in religion. Religion the Evangelical defines as "the life of God in the soul of man." Being good and doing good result from that life as physical energy and pleasure result from health of the body; but the health is more than the energy and the pleasure which it produces. Flowers are a product of spring, and harvests of summer; but flowers are not spring and harvests are not summer.

If this sixteenth-century definition of religion be deemed too mystical, let us take Max Müller's, which is distinctly philosophical: "Religion consists in the perception of the infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man." It is perfectly clear that this is not the same as being good and doing good. It is philosophically conceivable that a man may be good and do good without any perception of the infinite. The agnostic vigorously maintains that this is not only possible, but sometimes he goes so far as to maintain that any and every supposed perception of the infinite has interfered with man's being good and doing good. It is because the Evangelical believes that religion consists in a perception of the infinite, and that the perception of the infinite as manifested in the life and character of Jesus Christ is the one most able to influence men to the highest and noblest life, that he condemns the rationalistic philosophy which defines religion as being good and doing good, and which so eliminates, or appears to eliminate, that historic manifestation of the infinite which has in it the secret of moral and spiritual regeneration. It is because he believes that the secret of religion is such a perception of God, such an acquaintance with God, such fellowship with God, as Christianity gives, that he lay stress on what to his disputant appear the meaningless dogmas of inspiration, revelation, incarnation, and atonement.

We turn to another definition furnished by Theodore Parker, this time of Christianity: "Jesus of Nazareth . . . demanded, not a belief, but a life—a life of love to God and love to man." Of course the Evangelical believes this; but he does not believe that it was for this that Jesus Christ came to the world. He came to give men life and to give it more abundantly. And the Evangelical believes that the first thing for man to do is to *receive that gift of life;* he will then spontaneously, naturally, inevitably, live that life of love which he has so received. Any theology which represents Christ as coming primarily to make a demand on men of any kind whatsoever he opposes as fatally defective. To be Christ's disciple is not merely, according to Evangelical thinking, doing what Christ commands; it is also receiving what Christ has to give. "Those," says Mr. James Martineau, "are the most genuine disciples who stand with him [Christ] at the same spring; who are ready for the same trust; and can disengage themselves from tradition, pretense, and fear, at the bidding of the same source of inspiration."

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Christianity: Is it Dogma or Life?

I.—Dogma

[One view of the vitally important question put in the title above is presented in the following article, sent to us by a professor in one of our Southern universities. It seems to us an extremely able argument in favor of a contention from which we entirely and radically dissent; our own view of the question will be found in the second of the two articles.—THE EDITORS.]

YOUR article on "The Gospel Motive" in your current number lies before me. Its main contention seems to be couched in these words: "How, then, can this preacher reach them [the inhabitants of Vanity Fair] with his message? As Paul and Christ and the prophets reached the people in their time." "The Christian minister is not a teacher of philosophy; he is not an executioner of divine judgments; he is not a herald of impending retribution. He is an apostle sent forth to tell the world a fact, and on that fact to inspire it with a hope." Of course the "fact" is the life, passion, death, resurrection, of Jesus Christ. You then proceed to enforce eloquently your idea that this "incomparable life" furnishes an "ideal" that must win the hearts of men when properly presented and illustrated. You further say that "this was the message of Paul to Rome and to Corinth," and you imply that it was the main if not the exclusive content of early Apostolic preaching.

Your position is plausible and attractive; we could easily wish it were correct; but the fact seems to be that it is historically indefensible. That the "life" of Jesus as a model or as an inspiration cut any considerable figure in the preaching of New Testament times seems quite incredible. If you call your own chosen example, St. Paul, to witness, it is notorious that his Epistles (so called) are strangely, even astonishingly, lacking in references to this "life" of Jesus. In fact, these "Epistles" disclose the most meager knowledge, if any knowledge at all, of the earthly career of the Christ; they make practically no use of anything in that career but the Crucifixion and, in far less measure, the Resurrection; and these are cited, not at all in the spirit you represent, not as models or inspirations, but solely as *dogmas*—it is the dogmatic significance, and that alone, with which Paul has to deal. To the Galatians he depicted Christ, but Christ crucified; among the Corinthians it was only Christ and him crucified that he would know; to the Romans in his great Treatise he is absolutely silent concerning the life, and mentions even the crucifixion only casually in passing; in fact, from xv., 3, he would seem to know nothing of that life save as fore-mirrored in Hebrew scriptures; with that life as history he seems to have had the very smallest concern. In Corinthians he tells us that, even though he may have known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth he knows him so no longer. But why dwell on a matter so incontestable? Beyond the dogmas of Death and Resurrection, Christ is for Paul an Idea, and only an Idea. No, we had forgotten: Paul does mention one other very interesting historical fact of this "life;" namely, that the Son was "born of woman." Let this have its due weight.

Like may be said of the other "Epistles." They contain only the vaguest allusions to anything in the earthly career of the Christ; speaking broadly, they have no concern with that career save in its *dogmatic* significance; they touch it only at points of doctrinal moment. The "Epistle" of James is eminently practical, yet it knows nothing whatever of this "life;" if we leave out two or three lines, thinks Spitta, of Christian interpolation, we shall have a pure Jewish original whose author had never heard of Jesus! Consider next the Apocalypse of John—practically ignorant wholly of the earthly Jesus, whose life furnishes not the least *motif* in this imposing drama. The same, or nearly the same, may be said of Hebrews. Apart from certain doctrinal moments, this "life" does not exist for the author.

When we come to Acts, the case is not essentially altered. The preaching there recorded has the least possible to do with the history of Jesus save only in its most prominent dogmatic aspects. To our knowledge not one of the Apostles

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proclaimed the Gospel as you would have the modern preacher proclaim it. What did Peter say at Pentecost? Did he set forth the "incomparable life" as "an ideal worthy of admiration if not of emulation" and as exhibiting "a character deserving of love if not demanding worship"? Not a hint of it! He preached the Death and the Resurrection and the "impending retribution." "Save yourselves from this untoward generation." And so throughout his ministry. Paul, too, began his evangelization by confounding the Jews in dogmatic discussion; he kept on confounding them for twenty-five years, and the last we hear of him in Rome he was confounding them still. But it was solely a question of rabbinic interpretation of the Scriptures, and not "this story of the life"—as far as possible from it. Why, from Acts xviii., 25, xix., 2, 3, we learn that the mighty Apollos was preaching the "way," the Saviour, the Gospel, apparently having never heard of the historical Jesus!—"knowing only the baptism of John"!

Turning now to the extra-canonical early Christian literature, we find that the same state of case obtains. In the Clements, in Polycarp, in Ignatius, in Hermas, in all the Apologies, in Barnabas, in the Teaching and the rest, the "life" of Jesus plays a wholly insignificant rôle. In some the name even is not found. In not one is there found this message, this "story of Christ's life;" in not one shines "the hope which that life enkindles;" in not one is that life found as "a motive which does not fail."

I am writing in complete absence of books, and there may be some seeming or trivial exception to these statements; but, having read practically the whole body of such literature with an eye to this point, I feel safe in affirming their substantial correctness throughout. It seems entirely beyond question that the distinctive note of early preaching was not a life at all, but a doctrine, a dogma. This may seem strange to us, it may even be quite inexplicable, but it is none the less true. In a word, the first Evangelists preached, not Jesus the Man, but Christ the God; so far as we can see, the "life" had no significance at all except as teaching or illustrating some theological doctrine. Of this we may be sure if we may be sure of anything at all in the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic age.

But what about the Gospels? Do they not relate this "life" minutely, as an unapproachable model for our own, and do they not tell their touching story to teach Christ's "loving sympathy with men and women" as "a motive which will not lose its power as long as hope and love have any power to move the hearts of the children of men"? By no means! There could not be a greater misconception of the aim and spirit of the Gospels. They are just as doctrinal as the Epistles or the Acts or the Apocalypse. We may undoubtedly find in them all that you so eloquently and persuasively set forth, if we but seek it in the proper spirit, for he who seeks shall find. But it is equally true that he who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must take out the wealth of the Indies. That the ancients either put into those Gospels or took out of them the matchless model, the inspiring ideal, the unfailing motive-power that so enkindles noble natures of to-day, is a grave historic error. From beginning to end the Gospels are arguments, veiled in narrative form, it is true, but arguments none the less. Their aim is to teach and not to woo, to prove and not to thrill, to indoctrinate and not to inspire. "These are written that ye may believe, and, believing, may have life." It is the intellectual element that dominates in the Gospels, not the emotional, not the moral, not the spiritual; it is the logic of the situation that determines whether the Evangelist shall say this or that. It is the understanding of his readers that he assails, not their emotions, their heads and not their hearts. If he can carry their reason with him, he cares nothing for their smiles or their tears. The modern critic, in discussing the Synoptic question or the Johannine, whether broadly or in detail, scarcely dreams of asking what emotive or historic or even hortative considerations prevailed to give this or that form to the whole or to any part; he asks what dialectic concern molded it into this shape rather than that. To present a hundred examples would be only a matter of space.

If some example among so many be asked for, take the parable of Lazarus and Dives. This is nothing but an argument in behalf of the Gentile and against

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the Jew. The latter has enjoyed the peculiar favor of God for so many years since his birth. "When Israel was a child, I loved him;" now at length that favor is withdrawn, and he is cast out into torment, ground to powder under the Roman heel. The Gentile, on the other hand, so long despised and foul with the sores of paganism, is now at last received into the kingdom, into the very bosom of Abraham. Such is the evangelistic syllogism. Again, consider the prince of parables, the parable of the prodigal son. It is the same argument for the equal rights of the Gentile with the Jew in the Messianic kingdom. No, not quite equal; the Jew still retains his prerogative, his inalienable birthright. Says the Father, "Son, thou art with me alway, and all I have is thine;" but the long wayward heathen world is admitted to the joys of the kingdom as an act of grace and condescension. "The Gentiles praise God for his mercy," but not the Jews, who must be saved to maintain the "truth," the fidelity, of God "to confirm the promises to the fathers." If we inquire what is there in the Gospel story that is related for its own sake or to show forth the beauty of the incomparable life, and without any regulative doctrinal content or argumentative motive, we shall find the merest fraction, a vanishing residuum. The motives that lord it in the modern Christian consciousness were almost totally foreign to the ancient. It is with a sharp pang of regret that we learn that the lofty doxology, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, *good will to men*," is not in the Gospel, which merely says, "And on earth peace to men of good pleasure" (*i. e.*, to the Israel of God). Our hearts sink when we discover that the sublime prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," is not in the oldest text; the sentiment that made Rousseau exclaim, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus like a God," is a Western interpolation. But our surprise and chagrin are alike unjustified; we were judging the Gospels by a false standard.

There is much, very much, that is seductive in the cry of "Back to Jesus! Away from dogma!" One might almost wish it were true; but it is not. It has no critical warrant; it has no historic basis. Behold its incurable weakness. The note rings false on whatever eloquent lips it may be heard. Primitive Christianity conquered the world, not by a life, but by a death; not by history, but by theology; not by morality, but by religion; not through the heart, but through the head; not through imitation, but through faith; not through personality, but through dogma; not through memory, but through hope—the hope of the apocalyptic visions of John.

Undoubtedly a man of very exceptional endowments of head and heart may gather about him a certain personal following, and hold it through a long life, but nothing more. His work will be but an eddy in the stream of history. No preaching, however enthusiastic or persuasive, of the life of Jesus has ever affected, or can ever affect, greatly the course of civilization. From the first century even until now it is dogma that has been the life-blood of Christianity. Withdraw this vital sap if you would have the plant wither and die! In every age the Church has felt, with the true instinct of self-preservation, that the creed thereof is the life thereof; and wisely and well she has resisted to the death every encroachment upon the inmost citadel of her being.

As nearly as we can ascertain, the burden of primitive preaching was most concisely expressed in the formula, *The Jesus the Christ*. Precisely what this meant we may not now be able clearly to make out. But of so much we may be sure, that it was a transcendental dogma, an article of faith, and that its proclamation and propagation did not consist, either in whole or in any large part, in the delineation of an incomparable life as pattern or inspiration. If any features of that life were used in this preaching, it was only for their logical worth as demonstrating by signs and wonders the divine power and superhuman origin and nature of the bearer of that life—exactly the particulars in which that life could be to us neither example nor inspiration.

Decisive in this matter is the famous passage in 1 Timothy iii., 16:

> And confessedly great is the mystery of godliness:
> Who was manifested in flesh,
> was justified in spirit,
> appeared to angels,
> was preached among Gentiles,
> was believed on in the world,
> was received up in glory.

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This sextet may be regarded as the earliest extant *symbol* of the new faith. We cannot be sure of its precise significance, but it is certainly a "mystery," *durch keine Menschen weisheit erkennbare* (Weiss), mystical, metaphysical, hyperempirical. It is not in any measure the doctrine of an "incomparable life," to be admired and emulated as an "ideal," full of human sympathy and tenderness and love, an unfailing fount of light and power and noble incentive for the child of God.

CLERICUS.

II.—Life

We do not remember ever to have seen a more brilliant defense of the doctrine that Christianity is a dogma, not a life, than that furnished by this letter of "Clericus." But though it is brilliant, though it comes from a professor in one of our most prominent Southern universities, though it bears abundant evidences of the scholarship of its author, in our judgment it is not sound in its interpretation, for the reason that it is not historically correct. It disregards the historical conditions of the New Testament times, and imports into the writings of that day a spirit of scholasticism which belongs to a wholly different school and in the main to a wholly different age.

The dogmatic endeavors which characterized Jewish rabbis and subsequently the mediæval theologians, which "Clericus" imputes to the New Testament writers, are wholly incongruous with the simple characters of the peasant evangelists. Of this incongruity a striking illustration is afforded by the interpretations which "Clericus" gives to the parables of Dives and Lazarus and the Prodigal Son, which are as inconsistent with the simple spirit of Jesus' teachings as they are with the common and popular understanding of those illustrative stories. In the first parable, Jesus, accepting the eschatology of his times, teaches that the condemnations of God are reserved for cases of man's inhumanity to man, and do not depend upon ecclesiastical, theological, or race considerations; in the second he teaches that the love of God is universal, and is exercised alike toward the worthy and the unworthy. The interpretation which "Clericus" gives to Paul appears to us equally wide of the mark. We are no more to determine the subject matter of Paul's teaching from letters by him written in reply to special questions or in correction of special errors, than we are to determine the subject matter of Bushnell's or Robertson's sermons from their correspondence. Paul has told us what was his theme. "I determined," he says, "not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." What does this mean except that the theme of his preaching was the story of the life and death of Jesus the Christ? "I delivered unto you first of all," he says, "that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day." What could he have received which he repeated to the Corinthians except the story of the life, death, and resurrection, as it was current in the early Churches, and as it is told in the Gospels early compiled from these current narratives? One has only to turn to the Book of Acts and read the report of the Apostolic sermons to see their nature. Paul's sermon on Mars Hill at Athens is the only one which is philosophical in its character; and that was clearly broken off just as he got through his introduction and approached what he intended to make the substance of his discourse. Are the other sermons theological disquisitions on such dogmas as the Trinity, Vicarious Atonement, Plenary Inspiration, Particular Election, and Eternal Punishment? Let the reader turn to them and see for himself.

It is quite true that the preaching of the primitive Church was not merely the rehearsal of the story of a martyr's life. It is truly declared by our correspondent to be expressed in the formula "Jesus the Christ." Nor is it difficult to understand what that formula meant to those who made it their message. A distinctive characteristic of the Hebrew religion was its forward look. The golden age of the

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Hebrews was not in the past, but in the future. From prehistoric times, when legends foretold the hour when man's heel should crush the serpent's head, down to the time of the Babylonian captivity, when their greatest prophet told them of One who should come to bring good tidings to the meek, they were taught to look forward with hope to a Kingdom of God and a King who would deliver from oppression and rule in equity. When Jesus first appeared and began to draw disciples about him, neither they nor the world without imagined that this was "he that should come." But as the greatness of his character grew upon their opening vision, and their loyalty and love grew too, this hope began to dawn in their hearts and became almost a conviction. His death destroyed it; the slowly received story of his resurrection revived it again. This hope, grown into a clear, strong faith, was their message, first to the Hebrews, then to the Roman world. It may be summed up in the single sentence: The Deliverer has come. They repeated concerning their Master the Master's message concerning himself: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. . . . This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." The poor, the broken-hearted, the captives, the blind, the bruised, flocked about them, as they had flocked about the Master, to hear the good tidings. And the heralds of this good tidings gave to others the evidence which had convinced them that Jesus was indeed the Deliverer. The evidence which had convinced them was his life, his teachings, his death, and, above all, his resurrection. The written records of that life, teaching, death, and resurrection constitute the Gospels. The record how that story was told by word of mouth in portions of the Roman world, how it was accompanied by the presence and power of the living Person, and what was the effect, constitutes the Book of Acts. What intellectual and spiritual difficulties arose in the brotherhoods which sprang up as a result of the new faith, and how they were met chiefly by one master mind, and what that faith means translated into the terms of a living experience, that constitutes the Epistles.

If the message, The Deliverer is come; he is here; for evidence that he is the Deliverer, come and see—if this is a dogma, then the Apostles were teachers of a dogma; if this is the heralding of a life, then they were heralds of a life. It is not worth while to dispute about words: the fact alone is important; and the fact, palpable in the Gospels, in the Acts, and even in the Epistles, is that the Apostolic preachers were neither mere biographers of a saintly soul, nor teachers of a new philosophy; they were heralds of a Person, who came to give life and liberty to the world of men. Neither in them nor in their message, but in the living Person whose herald they were, was the power of the primitive Church and its Apostolic ministry.

Whenever the minister becomes a mere teacher of politics, sociology, or personal ethics, and, for the sanction of the laws he proclaims, looks to suffering here or hereafter, or whenever he becomes a mere teacher of theology inculcating views respecting the philosophy of religion instead of bringing religion itself, he need not wonder if his auditors grow restless, inattentive, dissatisfied, and finally leave him altogether. Whenever he is a true herald of a Person who is his companion, going with him in his ministry and confirming it by his gifts of life, he will have the same power which was possessed by his ancient prototypes, the Apostolic preachers. He may be a Roman Catholic preaching friar, or a Protestant evangelist; he may be a conservative Spurgeon, or a liberal Beecher; he may be an untutored Moody, or a cultivated Phillips Brooks; so long as there remain in the world the poor, the broken-hearted, the captives, the blind, and the bruised, so long will they welcome the man who comes to tell them that close at hand is One who has come to give them riches, healing, liberty, sight—in a word, life and ever more abundant life. Such we take to be the Gospel. L. A.

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Up from Slavery: An Autobiography[1]

By Booker T. Washington

Chapter III.—The Struggle for an Education

ONE day, while at work in the coal-mine, I happened to overhear two miners talking about a great school for colored people somewhere in Virginia. This was the first time that I had ever heard anything about any kind of school or college that was more pretentious than the little colored school in our town.

In the darkness of the mine I noiselessly crept as close as I could to the two men who were talking. I heard one tell the other that not only was the school established for the members of my race, but that opportunities were provided by which poor but worthy students could work out all or a part of the cost of board, and at the same time be taught some trade or industry.

As they went on describing the school, it seemed to me that it must be the greatest place on earth, and not even Heaven presented more attractions for me at that time than did the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, about which these men were talking. I resolved at once to go to that school, although I had no idea where it was, or how many miles away, or how I was going to reach it; I remembered only that I was on fire constantly with one ambition, and that was to go to Hampton. This thought was with me day and night.

After hearing of the Hampton Institute, I continued to work for a few months longer in the coal-mine. While at work there, I heard of a vacant position in the household of General Lewis Ruffner, the owner of the salt-furnace and coal-mine. Mrs. Viola Ruffner, the wife of General Ruffner, was a "Yankee" woman from Vermont. Mrs. Ruffner had a reputation all through the vicinity for being very strict with her servants, and especially with the boys who tried to serve her. Few of them had remained with her more than two or three weeks. They all left with the same excuse: she was too strict. I decided, however, that I would rather try Mrs. Ruffner's house than remain in the coal-mine, and so my mother applied to her for the vacant position. I was hired at a salary of $5 per month.

I had heard so much about Mrs. Ruffner's severity that I was almost afraid to see her, and trembled when I went into her presence. I had not lived with her many weeks, however, before I began to understand her. I soon began to learn that, first of all, she wanted everything kept clean about her, that she wanted things done promptly and systematically, and that at the bottom of everything she wanted absolute honesty and frankness. Nothing must be sloven or slipshod; every door, every fence, must be kept in repair.

I cannot now recall how long I lived with Mrs. Ruffner before going to Hampton, but I think it must have been a year and a half. At any rate, I here repeat what I have said more than once before, that the lessons that I learned in the home of Mrs. Ruffner were as valuable to me as any education I have ever gotten anywhere since. Even to this day I never see bits of paper scattered around a house or in the street that I do not want to pick them up at once. I never see a filthy yard that I do not want to clean it, a paling off of a fence that I do not want to put it on, an unpainted or unwhitewashed house that I do not want to paint or whitewash it, or a button off one's clothes, or a grease-spot on them or on a floor, that I do not want to call attention to it.

From fearing Mrs. Ruffner I soon learned to look upon her as one of my best friends. When she found that she could trust me, she did so implicitly. During the one or two winters that I was with her she gave me an opportunity to go to school for an hour in the day during a portion of the winter months, but most of my studying was done at night, sometimes alone, sometimes under some one whom I could hire to teach me. Mrs. Ruffner always encouraged and sympathized with me in all my efforts to get an education. It was while living with her that I began to get together my first

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library. I secured a dry-goods box, knocked out one side of it, put some shelves in it, and began putting into it every kind of book that I could get my hands upon, and called it my "library."

Notwithstanding my success at Mrs. Ruffner's, I did not give up the idea of going to the Hampton Institute. In the fall of 1872 I determined to make an effort to get there, although, as I have stated, I had no definite idea of the direction in which Hampton was, or of what it would cost to go there. I do not think that any one thoroughly sympathized with me in my ambition to go to Hampton unless it was my mother, and she was troubled with a grave fear that I was starting out on a "wild-goose chase." At any rate, I got only a half-hearted consent from her that I might start. The small amount of money that I had earned had been consumed by my stepfather and the remainder of the family, with the exception of a very few dollars, and so I had very little with which to buy clothes and pay my traveling expenses. My brother John helped me all that he could, but of course that was not a great deal, for his work was in the coal-mine, where he did not earn much, and most of what he did earn went in the direction of paying the household expenses.

Perhaps the thing that touched and pleased me most in connection with my starting for Hampton was the interest that many of the older colored people took in the matter. They had spent the best days of their lives in slavery, and hardly expected to live to see the time when they would see a member of their race leave home to attend a boarding-school. Some of these older people would give me a nickel, others a quarter, or a handkerchief.

Finally the great day came, and I started for Hampton. I had only a small, cheap satchel that contained what few articles of clothing I could get. My mother at the time was rather weak and broken in health. I hardly expected to see her again, and thus our parting was all the more sad. She, however, was very brave through it all. At that time there were no through trains connecting that part of West Virginia with eastern Virginia. Trains ran only a portion of the way, and the remainder of the distance was traveled by stage-coaches.

The distance from Malden to Hampton is about five hundred miles. I had not been away from home many hours before it began to grow painfully evident that I did not have enough money to pay my fare to Hampton. One experience I shall long remember. I had been traveling over the mountains most of the afternoon in an old-fashioned stage-coach, when, late in the evening, the coach stopped for the night at a common, unpainted house called a hotel. All the other passengers except myself were whites. In my ignorance I supposed that the little hotel existed for the purpose of accommodating the passengers who traveled on the stage-coach. The difference that the color of one's skin would make I had not thought anything about. After all the other passengers had been shown rooms and were getting ready for supper, I shyly presented myself before the man at the desk. It is true I had practically no money in my pocket with which to pay for bed or food, but I had hoped in some way to beg my way into the good graces of the landlord, for at that season in the mountains of Virginia the weather was cold, and I wanted to get indoors for the night. Without asking as to whether I had any money, the man at the desk firmly refused to even consider the matter of providing me with food or lodging. This was my first experience in finding out what the color of my skin meant. In some way I managed to keep warm by walking about, and so got through the night. My whole soul was so bent upon reaching Hampton that I did not have time to cherish any bitterness towards the hotel-keeper.

By walking, begging rides both in wagons and in the cars, in some way, after a number of days, I reached the city of Richmond, Virginia, about eighty-two miles from Hampton. When I reached there, tired, hungry, and dirty, it was late in the night. I had never been in a large city, and this rather added to my misery. When I reached Richmond, I was completely out of money. I had not a single acquaintance in the place, and, being unused to city ways, I did not know where to go. I applied at several places for lodging, but they all wanted money, and that was what I did not have. Knowing nothing else better to do, I walked the streets. In doing this I passed by

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many food-stands where fried chicken and half-moon apple pies were piled high and made to present a most tempting appearance. At that time it seemed to me that I would have promised all that I expected to possess in the future to have gotten hold of one of those chicken legs or one of those pies. But I could not get either of these, nor anything else to eat.

I must have walked the streets till after midnight. At last I became so exhausted that I could walk no longer. I was tired, I was hungry, I was everything but discouraged. Just about the time when I reached extreme physical exhaustion, I came upon a portion of a street where the board sidewalk was considerably elevated. I waited for a few minutes till I was sure that no passers-by could see me, and then crept under the sidewalk and lay for the night upon the ground, with my satchel of clothing for a pillow. Nearly all night I could hear the tramp of feet over my head. The next morning I found myself somewhat refreshed, but I was extremely hungry, because it had been a long time since I had had sufficient food. As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings I noticed that I was near a large ship, and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel and asked the captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind-hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten.

My work pleased the captain so well that he told me if I desired I could continue working for a small amount per day. This I was very glad to do. I continued working on this vessel for a number of days. After buying food with the small wages I received there was not much left to add to the amount I must get to pay my way to Hampton. In order to economize in every way possible, so as to be sure to reach Hampton in a reasonable time, I continued to sleep under the same sidewalk that gave me shelter the first night I was in Richmond. Many years after that the colored citizens of Richmond very kindly tendered me a reception at which there must have been two thousand people present. This reception was held not far from the spot where I slept the first night I spent in that city, and I must confess that my mind was more upon the sidewalk that first gave me shelter than upon the reception, agreeable and cordial as it was.

When I had saved what I considered enough money with which to reach Hampton, I thanked the captain of the vessel for his kindness, and started again. Without any unusual occurrence I reached Hampton, with a surplus of exactly fifty cents with which to begin my education. To me it had been a long, eventful journey; but the first sight of the large, three-story brick school building seemed to have rewarded me for all that I had undergone in order to reach the place. If the people who gave the money to provide that building could appreciate the influence the sight of it had upon me, as well as upon thousands of other youths, they would feel all the more encouraged to make such gifts. It seemed to me to be the largest and most beautiful building I had ever seen. The sight of it seemed to give me new life. I felt that a new kind of existence had now begun—that life would now have a new meaning. I felt that I had reached the promised land, and I resolved to let no obstacle prevent me from putting forth the highest effort to fit myself to accomplish the most good in the world.

As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the Hampton Institute, I presented myself before the head teacher for assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, and change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favorable impression upon her, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting me as a student. I felt that I could hardly blame her if she got the idea that I was a worthless loafer or tramp. For some time she did not refuse to admit me, neither did she decide in my favor, and I continued to linger about her and to impress her in all the ways I could with my worthiness. In the meantime I saw her admitting other students, and that added greatly to my discomfort, for I felt deep down in my heart that I could do as well as they, if I could only get a chance to show what was in me.

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After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me: "The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take this broom and sweep it."

It occurred to me at once that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep, for Mrs. Ruffner had thoroughly taught me how to do that when I lived with her.

I swept the recitation-room three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth and I dusted it four times. All the woodwork around the walls, every bench, table, and desk, I went over four times with my dusting-cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. When I was through, I reported to the head teacher. She was a "Yankee" woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked: "I guess you will do to enter this institution."

I was one of the happiest souls on earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination, and never did any youth pass an examination for entrance into Harvard or Yale that gave him more genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed.

I have spoken of my own experience in entering the Hampton Institute. Perhaps few, if any, had anything like the same experience that I had, but about that same period there were hundreds who found their way to Hampton and other institutions after experiencing something of the same difficulties that I went through. The young men and women were determined to secure an education at any cost.

The sweeping of the recitation-room in the manner that I did it seems to have paved the way for me to get through Hampton. Miss Mary F. Mackie, the head teacher, offered me a position as janitor. This, of course, I gladly accepted, because it was a place where I could work out nearly all the cost of my board. The work was hard and taxing, but I stuck to it. I had a large number of rooms to care for, and had to work late into the night, while at the same time I had to rise by four o'clock in the morning, in order to build the fires and have a little time in which to prepare my lessons. In all my career at Hampton, and ever since I have been out in the world, Miss Mary F. Mackie, the head teacher to whom I have referred, proved one of my strongest and most helpful friends. Her advice and encouragement were always helpful and strengthening to me in the darkest hour.

I have spoken of the impression that was made upon me by the buildings and general appearance of the Hampton Institute, but I have not spoken of that which made the greatest and most lasting impression upon me, and that was a great man—the noblest, rarest human being that it has ever been my privilege to meet. I refer to the late General Samuel C. Armstrong.

It has been my fortune to meet personally many of what are called great characters, both in Europe and America, but I do not hesitate to say that I never met any man who, in my estimation, was the equal of General Armstrong. Fresh from the degrading influences of the slave plantation and the coal-mines, it was a rare privilege for me to be permitted to come into direct contact with such a character as General Armstrong. I shall always remember that the first time I went into his presence he made the impression upon me of being a perfect man; I was made to feel that there was something about him that was superhuman. It was my privilege to know the General personally from the time I entered Hampton till he died, and the more I saw of him the greater he grew in my estimation. One might have removed from Hampton all the buildings, class-rooms, teachers, and industries, and given the men and women there the opportunity of coming into daily contact with General Armstrong, and that alone would have been a liberal education. The older I grow the more I am convinced that there is no education

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which one can get from books and costly apparatus that is equal to that which can be gotten from contact with great men and women. Instead of studying books so constantly, how I wish that our schools and colleges might learn to study men and things!

General Armstrong spent two of the last six months of his life in my home at Tuskegee. At that time he was paralyzed to the extent that he had lost control of his body and voice in a very large degree. Notwithstanding his affliction, he worked almost constantly night and day for the cause to which he had given his life. I never saw a man who so completely lost sight of himself. I do not believe he ever had a selfish thought. He was just as happy in trying to assist some other institution in the South as he was when working for Hampton. Although he fought the Southern white man in the Civil War, I never heard him utter a bitter word against him afterward. On the other hand, he was constantly seeking to find ways by which he could be of service to the Southern whites.

It would be difficult to describe the hold that he had upon the students at Hampton, or the faith they had in him. In fact, he was worshiped by his students. It never occurred to me that General Armstrong could fail in anything that he undertook. There is almost no request that he could have made that would not have been complied with. When he was a guest at my home in Alabama, and was so badly paralyzed that he had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair, I recall that one of the General's former students had occasion to push his chair up a long, steep hill that taxed his strength to the utmost. When the top of the hill was reached, the former pupil, with a glow of happiness on his face, exclaimed: "I am so glad that I have been permitted to do something that was real hard for the General before he dies!" While I was a student at Hampton, the dormitories became so crowded that it was impossible to find room for all who wanted to be admitted. In order to help remedy the difficulty, the General conceived the plan of putting up tents to be used as rooms. As soon as it became known that General Armstrong would be pleased if some of the older students would live in the tents during the winter, nearly every student in school volunteered to go.

I was one of the volunteers. The winter that we spent in those tents was an intensely cold one, and we suffered severely—how much I am sure General Armstrong never knew, because we made no complaints. It was enough for us to know that we were pleasing General Armstrong, and that we were making it possible for an additional number of students to secure an education. More than once, during a cold night, when a stiff gale would be blowing, our tent was lifted bodily, and we would find ourselves in the open air. The General would usually pay a visit to the tents early in the morning, and his earnest, cheerful, encouraging voice would dispel any feeling of despondency.

I have spoken of my admiration for General Armstrong, and yet he was but a type of that Christlike body of men and women who went into the negro schools at the close of the war by the hundreds to assist in lifting up my race. The history of the world fails to show a higher, purer, and more unselfish class of men and women than those who found their way into those negro schools.

Life at Hampton was a constant revelation to me; was constantly taking me into a new world. The matter of having meals at regular hours, of eating on a tablecloth, using a napkin, the use of the bath-tub and of the tooth-brush, as well as the use of sheets upon the bed, were all new to me.

I sometimes feel that almost the most valuable lesson I got at the Hampton Institute was in the use and value of the bath. I learned there for the first time some of its value, not only in keeping the body healthy, but in inspiring self-respect and promoting virtue. In all my travels in the South and elsewhere since leaving Hampton I have always in some way sought my daily bath. To get it sometimes when I have been the guest of my own people in a single-roomed cabin has not always been easy to do, except by slipping away to some stream in the woods. I have always tried to teach my people that some provision for bathing should be a part of every house.

For some time, while a student at

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Hampton, I possessed but a single pair of socks, but when I had worn these till they became soiled, I would wash them at night and hang them by the fire to dry, so that I might wear them again the next morning.

The charge for my board at Hampton was ten dollars per month. I was expected to pay a part of this in cash and to work out the remainder. To meet this cash payment, as I have stated, I had just fifty cents when I reached the institution. Aside from a very few dollars that my brother John was able to send me once in a while, I had no money with which to pay my board. I was determined from the first to make my work as janitor so valuable that my services would be indispensable. This I succeeded in doing to such an extent that I was soon informed that I would be allowed the full cost of my board in return for my work. The cost of tuition was seventy dollars a year. This, of course, was wholly beyond my ability to provide. If I had been compelled to pay the seventy dollars for tuition, in addition to providing for my board, I would have been compelled to leave the Hampton school. General Armstrong, however, very kindly got Mr. S. Griffiths Morgan, of New Bedford, Mass., to defray the cost of my tuition during the whole time that I was at Hampton. After I finished the course at Hampton and had entered upon my life-work at Tuskegee, I had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Morgan several times.

After having been for a while at Hampton, I found myself in difficulty because I did not have books and clothing. Usually, however, I got around the trouble about books by borrowing from those who were more fortunate than myself. As to clothes, when I reached Hampton I had practically nothing. Everything that I possessed was in a small hand satchel. My anxiety about clothing was increased because of the fact that General Armstrong made a personal inspection of the young men in ranks, to see that their clothes were clean. Shoes had to be polished, there must be no buttons off the clothing, and no grease-spots. To wear one suit of clothes continually, while at work and in the school-room, and at the same time keep it clean, was rather a hard problem for me to solve. In some way I managed to get on till the teachers learned that I was in earnest and meant to succeed, and then some of them were kind enough to see that I was partly supplied with second-hand clothing that had been sent in barrels from the North. These barrels proved a blessing to hundreds of poor but deserving students. Without them I question whether I should ever have gotten through Hampton.

When I first went to Hampton I do not recall that I had ever slept in a bed that had two sheets on it. In those days there were not many buildings there, and room was very precious. There were seven other boys in the same room with me; most of them, however, students who had been there for some time. The sheets were quite a puzzle to me. The first night I slept under both of them, and the second night I slept on top of both of them, but by watching the other boys I learned my lesson in this, and have been trying to follow it ever since and to teach it to others.

I was among the youngest of the students who were in Hampton at that time. Most of the students were men and women—some as old as forty years of age. As I now recall the scene of my first year, I do not believe that one often has the opportunity of coming into contact with three or four hundred men and women who were so tremendously in earnest as these men and women were. Every hour was occupied in study or work. Nearly all had had enough actual contact with the world to teach them the need of education. Many of the older ones were, of course, too old to master the text-books very thoroughly, and it was often sad to watch their struggles; but they made up in earnestness much of what they lacked in books. Many of them were as poor as I was, and, besides having to wrestle with their books, they had to struggle with a poverty which prevented their having the necessities of life. Many of them had aged parents who were dependent upon them, and some of them were men who had wives whose support in some way they had to provide for.

The great and prevailing idea that seemed to take possession of every one was to prepare himself to lift up the people at his home. No one seemed to think of himself. And the officers and teachers, what a rare set of human beings they

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were! They worked for the students night and day, in season and out of season. They seemed happy only when they were helping the students in some manner. Whenever it is written—and I hope it will be—the part that the Yankee teachers played in the education of the negroes immediately after the war will make one of the most thrilling parts of the history of this country. The time is not far distant when the whole South will appreciate this service in a way that it has not yet been able to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Prisoner in Peking[1]

The Diary of an American Woman During the Siege

By Luella Miner

Professor in the American College at Tungchau, China

JUNE 30.—Night before last several shells from a cannon just planted west of us flew into the upper story of the house on the extreme west of the compound and created some havoc, but only one horse was added to the list of the slain. One end of a shell was found in his stomach the next morning when he was dissected—not for scientific purposes. Very few of the shells explode, and when they do burst high in the air the fragments fall with little more force than gravitation gives them, so no one has been hurt yet. But a great many pieces of shell have fallen into the Chinese refuge. The Chinese soldiers are using cartridges on us every day by the thousand, but if they kill any one it is the poor Chinese far beyond us, for only a few stray bullets, with the exception of spent ones, fall among us. One killed a British marine standing just inside our gate yesterday, and about ten o'clock last night, when we were all lying—not sleeping—in the church, a bullet came through the glass of one of the church windows and dropped harmless on Dr. Wherry's bed. Just before ten last night began the fiercest attack we have yet had. The noise was quite deafening, and to add to the din a sharp thunder-storm came up, so we could not be sure whether we were listening to the roar of thunder or of cannon.

Our Chinese have been having trying days in the refuge, with constant attacks and several fires. There was a terrible fire there yesterday, which burned building after building, until close up to the one occupied by over a hundred school-girls. So they were moved last night over to this side of the street, into the buildings to which they were taken temporarily last Sunday. Of course all the heathen Chinese in this vicinity have fled; some of them were officials or wealthy men. Two or three days ago, during a fierce attack, when cannon had battered down the wall into an outer court and our Chinese thought the end had come, they began singing the doxology. The Japanese soldiers inquired what it meant, and when they understood they stopped firing a minute and applauded the Chinese. Isn't the situation an anomaly? Now Christian Japanese are giving their lives to defend Christian Chinese who were their enemies six years ago!

July 1.—Our Sundays seem to be hard days. Yesterday we worked up all the sand-bag material we had on hand, and hoped that at least part of to-day might be given up to rest and meetings. But early in the morning came word that the Germans had been driven down from their place on the city wall. This exposed the Americans to fire on both sides; the cannon knocked their barricade to pieces, and they were obliged to take their rapid-firing gun down from the wall for a time. Word came that a large number of sand-bags were wanted immediately; a large force of Chinese and foreign men went to filling them, and in a short time our soldiers and their gun were back on the wall, but not until one Chinese had been killed and two wounded in carrying sand-bags. A great pile of new material came in for bags, and we set out at high pressure to make the two thousand wanted to protect

[1] The first installment of this diary was published in The Outlook last week. It will be completed next week. Copyright, 1900, by Luella Miner.

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the approach to the wall exposed by the German retreat. One American marine was killed yesterday on the wall, and another to-day, which makes four killed and eight wounded of our fifty men. They are beginning to feel a little discouraged. I heard one marine say to-night, "We will all be gone soon, if the army does not come." Last night, when our American marine was buried, none of his American comrades could be spared from the wall, so only Chinese were digging his grave in the Legation. A Russian soldier went and motioned the Chinese aside, then with his own hands smoothed the bottom of the grave, and when the simple service was over, and the soldier boy, wrapped in the flag which he loved, was lowered into the grave, the Russian packed the earth carefully about his head, saying, "He is my brother; we fought together on the wall." There have been thirty-two foreigners killed up to this time, and there are now forty-four wounded in the hospital.

July 2.—Another night without a sharp attack, and up to this time, 2 P.M., we have had only occasional shooting. It really looks as if the report that the most of the soldiers under Tung-Fu-Hsiang left the city Saturday to meet the foreign troops might be true. There is still a large company on the wall, and evidently parties guarding the cannon in other places, but for some reason none are attacking us in force.

Last night Sir Claude Macdonald and several others saw a searchlight reflected in the clouds, which they are sure belongs to the British gunboat Terrible—a light which was used in South Africa. They estimated that it could not be more than twenty-five or thirty miles away to the southeast. This is encouraging; yet if they are thirty miles away I fear they will not be here to help us celebrate the Fourth.

Evening.—As I sit here in front of the church writing, an old man, Sung-Hsien-Sheng, sits near me with one f ot bare, waiting for a letter to the foreign troops to be sewed into his stocking. In the night our soldiers will let him down by the wall into the southern city, and he will make his way through that city as best he may when the gates are opened in the morning and try to find the relief army.

July 3.—There was some famous fighting on the city wall last night, and our American marines covered themselves with glory, but at the cost of two lives. A day ago the western barricade of the Americans and the extreme eastern Chinese barricade were the width of a bastion, about one hundred and twenty feet, apart. Then the Chinese extended their barricade in a curve until they were within five feet of our barricade, and were firing bricks over on our men. The end of the barricade parallel with ours was fifteen feet high. The situation was most critical, and something must be done immediately, or our position on the wall would be lost, which would endanger every place we are now holding in the city. About fifty American, British, and Russian marines were gathered on the wall in the night. The British stood guard at the eastern American barricade; the Russians and Americans went through our barricade together; the Russians, exposed to hot fire, charged across the platform, but did not get across the barricade at the end of the ramp; the Americans made the main charge on the wall. Just as they were starting, Captain Myers said, "Boys, there are three hundred women and children down there whose lives depend upon us." Our best sharpshooter, Turner, responded, "Aye, aye, sir; we'll do our best," and a rapid charge was made. The Americans dashed from the right of our barricade behind the curved Chinese barricade and charged under its shelter. The Chinese were driven back from the strong barricade at the west of the bastion which they have held for several days, and the Americans captured three banners, a battering-ram, a large amount of ammunition, and nineteen rifles. Turner was killed just as they broke through to the west of the Chinese barricade at the arrow-head. The "ramp" for ascending the wall is an inclined plane, and it is there that our soldiers and our Chinese carrying sand-bags have been exposed to such a murderous fire since the Germans abandoned their position on the wall east of the Americans. The last two nights they have been making a zigzag barricade which they can follow without being much exposed to fire. Night before last our Christians accomplished a good deal, but last night the Chinese soldiers, knowing what had been done the night before, kept

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up a steady fire on the ramp, so they could not work much. Forty of our Chinese were on the wall all night, with very little clothing, no bedding, no food, and now for several hours they have been exposed to the drenching rain; but food has been sent up to them.

July 4.—I little thought a year ago at the Western Hills that I should spend to-day at the British Legation! As you can imagine, the eagle hasn't been spreading his wings very extensively or screaming very loudly—it wouldn't seem exactly polite in this location, don't you know! Though, as far as any respect for Sir Claude Macdonald's feelings is concerned, none of us would think of restraining the eagle. We sang "America" at morning prayers, then a feeble few made a feeble effort at "The Star-Spangled Banner." We have wasted no gunpowder—our friends the Boxers, on three sides of us, furnish all the entertainment in that line that we care for. They are giving their rifles a rest during daylight, but working their cannon for all they are worth, training them on the six Legations which are still being guarded and on the Chinese refuge, where the shell are doing some damage. A piece went into a room there to-day and severely wounded a girl's leg. Two shells went through the same hole in the French hotel, close by the French Legation. The soldiers made another vigorous attack on us from three sides last night, but didn't come into close range. Two of our missionaries, who were on the city wall overseeing the Chinese labor, said it was a brilliant display, the rifles being fired so continuously as to make a bright illumination on three sides of us. I proposed that we Americans all spend the night on the city wall to see the fireworks!

Up to this time our casualties, not including Chinese, are one hundred and ten—forty-one killed and sixty-nine wounded. A few of the wounded are on the active list again. Five civilians are included in the forty-one. The Italians have lost most heavily in proportion to their numbers, and largely in helping the Japanese to guard the Chinese refuge; the Germans next. No missionary has been injured yet, which is quite remarkable, as the missionaries are constantly in places of danger, directing fortification work on the city wall, going out to grain-shops to gather in provisions, and in exposed places within this Legation.

July 5.—At last a missionary has been injured, but only a flesh wound, through the calf of the leg. It is Dr. Gilbert Reid—the very one who gave me the statistics which I recorded just above. He was just returning from a shop on Legation Street when he was struck by a stray bullet. A young English civilian was killed to-day when working on the fortifications on the north side of the Legation. I have just been examining two solid cannon-balls—not shell—which were fired into this Legation from cannon mounted this afternoon on the wall of the Imperial City north of us. One ball weighed eight pounds, the other four; at least three of the smaller ones came in here. The larger one crashed through the window of a building only a few feet away from another window where Sir Claude was standing firing our one-pound Italian cannon. That cannon soon broke down the fortification which the Chinese had built above the Imperial City wall, and where a Chinese mandarin with his waving plumes was seen standing; but the fortification was rebuilt more strongly later. That Italian gun can fire only thirty-five more shots until we get more ammunition, so we do not use it except in emergencies.

July 6.—All of the buildings at the American Legation are more or less injured by shell. There have been no casualties on this side of the street, but the Japanese who are protecting the refuge made a sortie to try to capture a cannon which was doing serious mischief. They did not succeed in capturing the cannon, but they drove the Chinese away with it, losing a Japanese captain, while two Japanese and one Chinese Christian were wounded, the latter probably fatally. Our Tungchau Bible woman, Mrs. Chao, was wounded in a room in the refuge to-day, a bullet going through her foot near the heel. There is much sickness among our Chinese now, and they are in very uncomfortable quarters since the Chinese cannon have driven them out of the buildings which they first occupied. I wish so much that we could get over there to see them! Another messenger is to be sent to try to get a letter to the

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relief army to-night. He has a very diminutive letter wrapped in oiled paper which he is to hold in his mouth if searched, or even swallow in an emergency! Yesterday a boy about fourteen years old was sent out dressed as a beggar, with his letter, wrapped in oiled silk, hidden beneath some mush in his begging-bowl. Other messengers have been sent, but none have returned.

July 7.—The Chinese were more saving of their cartridges last night, but are making up for it by favoring us with an unusual number of shells and cannon-balls to-day, and as I write they are making an attack on the Chinese refuge; already two soldiers and one Chinese woman have been wounded, all in the refuge. One cannon-ball crashed straight through Lady Macdonald's dining-room—penetrating three walls, and sprinkling the table (which was spread for lunch) with plaster. One came into their kitchen yesterday, but no other cannon-balls have done serious damage. The soldiers and Boxers have also made an attack on the French Legation to-day, breaking down the wall in one place, and setting fire to some small buildings. The few Boxers who got inside the compound were all killed, and the attack was finally repulsed.

Whenever we get especially discouraged about the foreign troops coming, some new sign comes to keep up our courage, though later it may be proved to be a false one. To-day from two or three different sources it is reported that heavy cannonading has been heard about six miles away. Of course it may be from Chinese cannon.

July 8.—Our third Sunday here, and we have made no sand-bags, not because there was no need of them, but because there was absolutely no material on hand. And we have had two informal services to the accompaniment of booming cannon and bursting shell. Last night a cannon-ball struck the edge of the church roof where we were sleeping, but only took off a few tiles and some ornamentations. But it shook the church, and was not very soothing to slumberers. There were two sharp attacks in the night, almost constant firing, and a few cannon-shots. To-day they have been pressing the Chinese refuge hard all day, and have given the Legation an occasional cannon-ball or shell, just to keep us from feeling neglected. This afternoon I was taking a nap in Lady Macdonald's ball-room when an eight-pound cannon-ball took a generous piece off from the top of a roof not ten feet away, the pieces rattling down close by our door. There were about ten of us lying there, but most of us did not feel very sleepy after that!

July 9.—The last two nights have been made wearisome by repeated attacks; for it is moonlight now, and they use their cannon as well as rifles. Yet within this Legation there were no casualties except slight damage done to buildings. The Chinese directed the shell from a cannon west of us on a house near the western side of the compound, north of the one the second story of which they almost completely wrecked over a week ago, and four struck it, but did no very serious damage. We have now a pile of about forty solid cannon-balls which have been fired into this Legation, yet no one has been wounded by them nor by the shells which have been fired by the thousand.

If you want to understand our location here, look at the map of Peking in Williams's "Middle Kingdom" and you will see that, not including the Southern City, we have a city within a city within a city: the outer (which is the Manchu or Northern City, in which we live); within this the Imperial City, and within the Imperial City is the Forbidden City, containing the palaces. The southern wall of the Imperial City is only about five hundred yards from the front gate on the east side of the British Legation, and much nearer our northern wall. The street east of this Legation runs right up against the Imperial City wall, or, rather, to the street at its foot. In this wall the Chinese have blasted out loopholes for rifles and two larger loopholes for cannon, for which they have built platforms. We could not hold our position here for a day if they had suitable ammunition for their guns and skill in firing them. Our Italian gun fires one-pound bullets, but last Saturday only about thirty bullets were left. Our only other gun in this Legation is a rapid-firing one which fires cartridges and is of no use against fortifications; so Saturday they hunted around in the numerous abandoned Chinese shops and residences within this guarded area, found several hundred pounds of pewter utensils, made a mold,

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and set to making cylindrical bullets, pointed at one end, for the Italian gun. Among the Russian ammunition were ninety shells just like those the Chinese are firing at us, which had been brought up from Tientsin by the troops, though the gun to which they belonged had finally to be left behind. In our extremity an American marine set to work to make a rude gun to fire these shells, using parts of a fire-engine, heavy wire, and other available metal. Meantime, in the search everywhere for pewter and other metal, we found in an old Chinese shop part of a cannon which the English seem to think was brought by the English to Peking during the war of 1860. This tube was lashed to a heavy beam, mounted on two wheels belonging to the Italian cannon carriage, loaded with Russian shell provided with a long Japanese fuse, with slow-burning German powder, placed first at the gate of the English Legation, and an American soldier sent the first shell over the Imperial City wall; results not recorded. You ought to have a picture of this rude, rusty "international gun"! Then it was sent over to the assistance of the Japanese in the refuge—the American gunner, Mitchell, going too—and a little later we heard the Japanese talking about "our gun." The Chinese must be somewhat surprised at this sudden increase in our artillery. Last night this gun was brought back from the refuge after being used there a short time to give the Chinese an idea that we had several cannon mounted on our northern fortification, and sent a shell clear through the Chinese barricade nearest us this side of the Imperial City. The gun smashed up our own fortification a little in its recoil, but we don't mind a little thing like that, since our gunner escaped. Work on our American gun has ceased since this international gun was discovered, as parts of it are more needed as a fire-engine.

July 10.—The Chinese gave us a tremendous racket last night—rifles, cannon, and giant firecrackers, which they evidently think will scare us, for they have been using them a great deal lately. Our "international gun" has been doing some good work lately, in spite of its limitations. It can't be sighted at all; they are obliged to lash it to its beam each time after they fire it, and it takes several minutes each time to load it. Yet yesterday our American gunner sent a shell so that it exploded just in one of the cannon loopholes in the Imperial City. A Chinese shell came straight through our gatehouse to-day and exploded on the tennis-court full of people without hurting any one. Our smart American marine, Mitchell, is now making cartridges for the Germans, who are short of ammunition. The English tried it first and failed, so we feel just a little proud of our Yankee.

July 12.—This morning a supposed Boxer was captured near the French Legation, wearing a small red bag tied around his neck like other Boxers, but on the bag were the English words, "Button, button, who wants a button?" Evidently he had obtained his bag by looting foreign premises. He claimed to know absolutely nothing about the approach of foreign troops; said that the foreign settlement at Tientsin was burned about June 16, which, if true, would account for the return of Captain McCalla; that the region about Tientsin was in great confusion, and that the foreign troops took Taku about two weeks ago; that the Empress Dowager is still in the city; that the ruling spirits in the Government are Prince Tuan, Jung-Lu, and Tung-Fu-Hsiang; that the Catholics are still holding their North Cathedral.

We can hurrah again for America. This afternoon they took the "International" (which the marines call "Puffing Betsey," our name being much too high-toned for them) up to our northern fortification, where the Chinese have built up another barricade, behind which they were preparing to mount a Krupp gun. There were not many in the party. There was a big black artillery flag mounted on the Chinese barricade—an important one belonging to two camps. Three men started out to capture this banner. The English marine, who was in front, was knocked down with a brickbat, but Mitchell, our famous gunner, made a dash for the banner, grabbed one end while a Chinese soldier seized the other, and they played seesaw with it over the barricade for a few seconds; then the third member of the party shot the Chinese soldier, and they were back again behind our barricade with their prize in much less time than it takes to tell it, the Chinese being

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so astonished at the performance that they forgot to fire until it was too late.

The Boxer captured yesterday said this morning that the Chinese did not dare to use any of their powerful modern guns for fear of sending their shells into the wrong place and doing too much damage among their own people, and that the Boxers object to fighting in the front ranks, in spite of their boasted invulnerability.

July 14.—I was just ready to begin to write last night when a furious attack was made on the French Legation, the worst day attack we have had, and an attack was made on us at the same time, so I didn't feel much inclined to write. The Chinese soldiers made two or three mines under the east wall of the French Legation, blew up the stables and one of the foreign residences (two French marines being buried in the débris), and succeeded later in burning the Minister's house and two others. Then it quieted. From midnight until daylight there was so much firing that we could sleep but little. To-day cannon-balls and bullets are too numerous in this compound for perfect comfort. A spent bullet broke a pane of glass in the church while we were in morning prayers, and a cannon-ball crashed through two walls in Sir Claude Macdonald's house and over a bed in which two ladies were sleeping, rattling a piece of brick on to the arm of one of them.

July 15.—To-day there has been posted on our bulletin-board the following communication:

A messenger sent out on the 10th of July by Mr. Tewksbury with a letter for the troops returned yesterday. He is the gatekeeper at the Southern Cathedral, a Roman Catholic. He says he was arrested outside the Ha-Ta-Men (the very first stage of his journey) and taken to the temple of Wo-Fo-Ssu, his letter taken from him, and he was beaten eighty blows. Then he was taken to Jung-Lu's headquarters in the Imperial City. Here he found a man, "Yu" by name, who formerly knew him as a gatekeeper. He was there given a letter purporting to be written by "Prince Ching and Others" and addressed to the British Minister, and was told that men would wait at the water-gate to-night for an answer. A translation of this letter is given below:

"For the last ten days the soldiers and militia have been fighting, and there has been no communication between us, to our great anxiety. Some time ago (June 25) we hung up a board expressing our intentions, but no answer has been received, and, contrary to expectation, the foreign soldiers made renewed attacks, causing alarm and suspicion among soldiers and people. Yesterday the soldiers captured a convert named Chin-Ssü-Hsi, and learned from him that the Foreign Ministers were all well, which caused us very great satisfaction. But it is the unexpected that happens. The reinforcements of foreign troops were long ago stopped and turned back by the Boxers, and if, in accordance with previous agreement, we were to guard your Excellencies out of the city, there are so many Boxers on the Tientsin-Taku road that we should be very apprehensive of misadventure.

"We now request your Excellencies to take your families and the various members of your staff and leave your Legation in detachments. We should select trustworthy officers to give close and strict protection, and you should temporarily reside in the Tsungli-Yamen pending future arrangements for your return home, in order to preserve friendly relations intact from beginning to end. But at the time of leaving the Legations there must on no account whatever be taken a single armed foreign soldier, in order to prevent doubt and fear on the part of the troops and people, leading to untoward incidents. If your Excellency is willing to show this confidence, we beg you to communicate with all Foreign Ministers in Peking, to-morrow at noon being the limit of time, and to let the original messenger deliver your reply, in order that we may settle in advance the day for leaving the Legations. This is the single way of preserving relations that we have been able to devise in the face of innumerable difficulties. If no reply is received by the time fixed, even our affection will not enable us to help you.

"Compliments,

"PRINCE CHING AND OTHERS.

"6th moon, 18th day."

A reply has been sent to-day, declining on the part of the foreign representatives the invitation to proceed to the Tsungli-Yamen, and pointing out that no attacks have been made by our troops, who are only defending the lives and property of foreigners against the attack of Chinese Government troops. The reply concludes with the statement that if the Chinese Government wish to negotiate, they should send a responsible official with a white flag.

This communication posted on the bulletin-board was signed by the British Minister. It is generally believed, outside diplomatic circles, that the letter is a forgery, at least as far as Prince Ching is concerned, but it must have been written by some one familiar with the inner workings of the Chinese Government during the past weeks, possibly by Prince Tuan, Jung-Lu, or other of the Boxer chiefs. Many think that it would have been far more dignified to ignore the letter, but the Ministers had a meeting over it, and

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decided that there was about one chance in a hundred that the fierce attacks on us might be delayed by answering. So yesterday the answer was sent back by the same Catholic. Many of us think that this Catholic is a Chinese spy. Otherwise, when his limbs are a mass of bruises, why is he so willing to walk back into the hands of the Boxers again? Still, there has been no material change in our circumstances the last five days, and if he is a spy, he probably told them everything he knew the first time he was with them. About three o'clock this afternoon, perhaps just after the Chinese had received our answer, they sent us a shower of bullets and a liberal supply of shell, probably to assist in "preserving friendly relations intact," and as a proof of their deep and abiding affection for the Foreign Ministers.

We strongly suspect that the Chinese are trying to dig a mine from the Imperial City, about five hundred yards away, into the northern part of this Legation, and possibly one from the west, where we are most exposed. All the Chinese buildings adjoining us on the west have been torn down or burned, but further away are buildings which the Chinese have loopholed, and where they have cannon. The number of cannon in use about us is increasing. We have commenced counter mining by digging a trench across the north end of the compound. If we could dig several trenches fifteen feet deep in different places, we would be perfectly safe from mines, as one strikes water at about that depth, especially in the rainy season; but Mr. Gamewell, of the Methodist Mission, who has charge of the work on fortifications, thinks we have not men enough to dig trenches as fast as they can mine, though with four or five days' time we can protect ourselves fairly.

The captured Boxer to whom I have referred several times has been sent off as a messenger to the troops, with an offer of a hundred and seventy-five dollars if he reaches them, and double that amount if he returns to us with a letter. He has been kept in close confinement here, so that he cannot carry much information to the enemy. His important letter is written in the Greek alphabet, and he carries another letter which says in good, plain English that we can hold our position here indefinitely—a delightfully ambiguous assertion!

Last night was a very wearing one. The first half of the night there was an occasional shell, and the babies, big and little, gave us a concert, three or four of them going at once at the top of their lungs. About eleven o'clock, when they began to quiet down, we had another concert of shot and shell, so this morning a very tired-looking set of people crawled out from the beds spread out on the church floor. This morning Captain Strouts, of the English marines, in command of the garrison here, was reconnoitering at the Chinese refuge opposite, accompanied by Dr. Morrison, of the London "Times," and when in an exposed position both were shot through the thigh, the Captain fatally wounded, Dr. Morrison only slightly. A little later one of our best American marines, Fisher, of Oklahoma, was shot on the city wall, and died very soon after.

To-day it was necessary to choose a new commanding officer, "chief of staff," as he is called, Sir Claude Macdonald being commander-in-chief. The American Secretary of Legation was chosen for this important post, and as he is what the boys call a "hustler," it is thought that more energy will soon be manifest in our operations. Mr. Squires is a West Point graduate, and had fifteen years' experience in the army, with the rank of lieutenant. Our American successes in this siege are largely credited to his planning, and especially since brave Captain Myers has been laid up with his wound.

July 17.—Another eventful day. Last night, just as we were starting for the funeral, a messenger came with a white flag, and he proved to be our Catholic returning with an answer to our answer to "Prince Ching and Others." This Chinese letter No. 2 has not been given to the public, but we hear that it states that since the Foreign Ministers do not find it convenient to go to the Tsungli-Yamen for protection, they will send more troops and endeavor to protect them here, though it will be very difficult, as the area occupied by the Legations is so extensive. They also request again that we cease firing on the militia and people, then they will cease firing on us. Besides this letter to Sir Claude, they

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brought a letter for Major Conger inclosing a so-called telegram written on a Chinese telegraph blank, without date or signature, the cipher message being simply, "Send tidings bearer." I might write pages of the speculations of various people on this mysterious telegram. It is probably not from Washington, as "bearer" would then have no meaning. But Major Conger says that he is the only man in China who has the key to this cipher code. Possibly the admiral in command of our fleet at Taku may have obtained the symbols for this special message by cabling to Washington or to some American Minister.[1] When the Catholic was sent back this morning, he carried a cipher message by Major Conger to the effect that for a month we had been shut up in the British Legation, besieged by Chinese soldiers with shot and shell, that the situation was perilous, and that there was danger of a general massacre unless speedy relief came.

Sir Claude also sent an answer to his letter, the gist of which was the same as of the one sent yesterday, with the added caution that if the Chinese wished an armistice they must keep within their lines, and build no new barricades for attacking us.

As if this wasn't enough excitement for one day, another Boxer was captured early in the morning; then a white flag appeared over the Chinese barricade by the French Legation, followed by a soldier who had lost an ear, and who said he had come for medical treatment. Shortly after, another soldier with a flag of truce, and with proper credentials from Chinese officials at the Ha-Ta-Men, also appeared on the scene. This messenger brought no word of special importance—simply another request for an armistice. The deserting soldier was quite communicative. He is a bugler, and one explanation given of the loss of his ear is that it was cut off by his colonel because he did not blow his bugle according to orders. He says that the Boxers and soldiers are now at swords' points. Evidently each wanted a large proportion of loot and a small proportion of fight, and now that looting is on the wane for lack of victims, each prefers that the other should die for his country. Many soldiers want to desert, but the gates are guarded so that they cannot go out armed or in large companies, and if they go singly they fall into the hands of the angry Boxers, who still swarm outside the city. The official messages state that they are protecting us from the Boxers to the extent of their power. Doubtless the three thousand cannon-balls and shell and the myriads of bullets which have fallen into this Legation the past month have been intended for the Boxers, and just accidentally fell in here!

Evening.—Our Catholic messenger sent out with letters to the Government this morning has returned, bringing letters to Sir Claude and Major Conger. The latter throws some light on yesterday's mysterious telegram, but still leaves us ample opportunity for conjecture. The letter states that the three words of the telegram were from our Secretary of State, and were included in a cablegram from the Chinese Minister Wu, in Washington. A copy of the complete cablegram was also sent to Minister Conger—though perhaps they made some slight changes in the sentiment to suit themselves. The first statement is that the United States will gladly assist China, but is solicitous to be informed of the welfare of Minister Conger; the remainder of the cablegram relates to the message in cipher from Secretary Hay to Minister Conger, and requests that the Foreign Office forward Minister Conger's reply through Minister Wu—which they assert that they have done, but I doubt it somewhat.

Sir Claude's letter from "Prince Ching and Others," No. 3, received to-day, brings no new messages of importance, but accuses us of beginning the war, and requests that our soldiers, who are making a nuisance of themselves on the wall, be withdrawn. Sir Claude's reply, among other things, suggests that there are also some Chinese soldiers with cannon on the wall who are slightly annoying.

There was a little firing to-night at our barricade on the street in front of the American Legation. The Chinese commenced building a new barricade close by, and high enough to overlook our barricade—a rather improper proceeding for truce-time, so notices were hung out order-

[1] This, of course, was the message sent by the United States through the Chinese Minister at Washington, and the answer gave the first authentic news from Peking.—THE EDITORS.

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ing them to stop, and as they continued their work, the "International" was turned on them. To-day a young student in the French Legation showed his faith in the armistice by walking up to the nearest Chinese barricade and talking with the soldiers for a time; then he climbed over the barricade and disappeared from view. Later he was ordered back by the French Minister, and sent the cool reply that he was having a good time drinking tea with the soldiers, and would return in an hour. The time passed, and another note was sent him, but it received only the oral reply from the Chinese that the young man had gone to the Foreign Office, nearly a mile away. We thought the rash youth had fallen a victim to his folly, but late in the evening he came marching proudly in escorted by twelve Chinese soldiers, reporting that he had had a fine time and had been treated to a good meal. When asked at the Foreign Office as to our provisions here, he replied that we had an ample supply—just lacked a little in the line of fresh fruits and vegetables!

July 18.—About two o'clock this afternoon—four weeks to an hour from the time when we took refuge in this Legation—we received our first authentic message from the outside world. On June 30 a Methodist young man was sent by the Japanese Minister as a messenger to Tientsin, and he has just returned, bringing a letter from the Japanese Consul in Tientsin, stating that foreign troops numbering 33,300 will leave Tientsin about the 20th, day after to-morrow, for the relief of Peking. In a way, this is discouraging, for now we cannot hope day by day for their arrival; but with this great force they will come up with practically no resistance, and the strain and stress of this terrible siege is over.

The home of this messenger was originally south of Tientsin—as his dialect showed—and he was a tinker by trade, so with his few tools he made the journey safely, on pretext of returning home, and though he was examined on the way, his letter, which was sewed into his shoe-sole, was not discovered.

July 19.—We have had twenty-four hours of absolute quiet, no sound of shot or shell, and it seems strange to lie down to sleep without our customary serenade, and to be able to walk about the compound without wondering whether a shell will burst over our heads. A secretary of the Foreign Office, sent by Jung-Lu, came yesterday to see the Ministers, and, as usual, made a scapegoat of the Boxers—China has not been at war with us! No important business was transacted, but the Ministers asked that arrangements be made for them to communicate with their governments. This morning, by venturing a little beyond our lines, about three hundred eggs were secured, and the Chinese soldiers, who sold them at the risk of their lives, naturally wanted a good price for them. They will be a real godsend to the sick people, and especially to the poor little children, who are all sick or drooping. The comparative good health of this teeming compound, while the hot Peking atmosphere, always poisoned with miasma at this season, now seems putrid with the stench of decaying bodies all about us, breeding clouds of contagion-bearing flies, is one of the miracles of these wonderful days. Many "globe-trotters" were caught here in the siege, some of them guests at the Legations, and when the democratic American sees a young man with an aristocratic air wandering under the trees, he cannot be sure whether he is an Italian count or a gentleman's valet; but, whatever his station in life, it is quite safe to assert that his bill of fare consists mainly of rice, millet, cracked wheat, brown bread, horse-flesh, and some more rice! We are fortunate in having a fair supply of condensed milk, butter, sugar, and coffee, and a few other foreign canned goods, but not enough to last another month.

The Yamen secretary sent by Jung-Lu yesterday came again to-day, and stated that they had been unable to send Minister Conger's telegram, and could not undertake to forward any others, as communication with Tientsin was cut off—which may be a genuine excuse, as Tientsin is now occupied by the foreign army. The secretary also brought six separate communications to the different Ministers from the Foreign Office, repeating the proposition that the Ministers go to Tientsin under guard. Evidently they would like to get rid of us, hoping thus to avert the speedy approach of the relief army.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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The Temperance Text-Books

OF all the text-books on so-called scientific temperance, Dr. Walker's "Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene,"[1] recently laid on our table, is by far the soundest we have seen. It is written in an exceptionally healthy spirit, and with an evident regard for truth that is not discernible in other books of this class. But in order to be qualified for use in public schools, in its preparation, as its preface affirms, "the laws of the various States governing the presentation of the effects of alcohol and narcotics have been complied with." This fact has forced upon it characteristics which we believe to be scientific, pedagogical, and moral defects. We are sure that such defects bring our system of public education into serious danger, for under the existing laws of most States they must inhere in every text-book on this subject used in the public schools. Dr. Walker's book is a commendable effort to diminish such danger as far as possible; it therefore affords the better text for a consideration of those laws and the danger involved in them.

In order to determine whether these "scientific temperance" text-books are wholesome books to be used in the schools, it is necessary to decide as to their content, the manner of treatment, and their purpose. Do they present facts? That is a question to be submitted first to the scientist. Do they so present the facts that the truth, and only the truth, reaches the child mind? That is a question to be submitted first to the educator. Do they evince a purpose that is consonant with the necessary limitations of a public educational system? That is a question to be submitted to the moral sense of all who are concerned in that system. The first question is chiefly scientific, the second chiefly pedagogical, the third chiefly moral. None of these questions ought to be evaded by appeals to sentiment; all of them ought to be answered affirmatively if the text-books are to be justly approved.

1. The question as to the content of these scientific temperance text-books has been the one oftenest raised in discussing them. In our judgment, it has been unduly emphasized. It has diverted public attention from the more important issues to a point which, in the end, must be decided on technical grounds. Whether the physiology of these books is sound, and, specifically, whether their statements concerning alcohol are true, cannot be decided by any except unprejudiced experts. Arguments *pro* or *contra* by any one else are of little value. The discussion of this question has, however, made one fact at least clear, namely, that experts are not wholly agreed. So long as this remains true, dogmatic statements on the one side or the other should not be presented as unquestioned truth to school-children. A public-school text-book is not the proper place for the hypotheses and opinions of any faction among scientists. A statement doubted or denied by any considerable body of reputable experts would better be omitted from such books; or, if included, ought certainly to be frankly qualified; for every such statement is subject to the possibility of being proved false. If a child who has been taught such statements on the assumption that they are a proper basis for future moral conduct learns later that they are false, he loses at once his moral foundation. There is no danger that is so big with evil as that which comes from carelessness with regard to truth, especially when permitted in the education of children. Then not even eagerness on the part of his teachers for moral reform can afford them escape from the woe pronounced upon those who cause even one of these little ones to stumble. The temperance text-books which present opinions as facts are therefore a menace to the moral character of the public-school children of America, and therefore also a menace to the Nation itself. Dr. Walker's book, by its moderation in statement, has very generally avoided this danger; but that it has at the same time failed to receive the "indorsement" of the "Scientific Department" of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and is not "published by the instigation of

[1] *Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene.* By Jerome Walker, M.D. New Edition. Allyn & Bacon, Boston.

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the same," is, we fear, more than a coincidence.

2. After the question as to content comes the question as to method. We should ask not only, Do these books present the truth? but also, Do they so treat their subject that only the truth reaches the child mind? It is conceivable that a book accurate and balanced in its separate statements should use the facts in a way to give pupils wholly false impressions, and mislead them by emphasizing certain facts out of all due proportion? When the "indorsed" temperance text-books are examined on this point, they are found to be wholly lacking in the vital principles of sound pedagogy. The reason for this is not far to seek. They are published by firms which are competing to see which can put out a book conforming most closely, not to the soundest principles of education, but to certain laws in the various States. And these State laws have been framed in total disregard of the conclusions to which the leading educators have come. They have been pushed through the various Legislatures by persons who have not even pretense to any knowledge of pedagogy. As a result, the public schools are helplessly bound to educational methods devised in ignorance and made compulsory for other purposes than education. In this respect Dr. Walker's book is equally with all other text-books at the mercy of an unscientific temperance law. The New York law requires not only that a certain proportion or quantity of every text-book shall deal with the physiological effects of alcohol and narcotics, but that the space so devoted shall be distributed throughout the book. Against this legal mandate might be, in fact is, arrayed the judgment of practically all pedagogical leaders, and yet the mandate must be obeyed. "Temperance" must be administered to the children like medicine, in just such bulk and in just such doses. As President Jordan, of the Leland Stanford Junior University, says:[1] "Such a treatise as the New York law contemplates cannot be written by a scientific man." What the results of that law are upon text-books may be judged from the fact that the index of Dr. Walker's book shows thirty-eight references to food and water, and thirty-nine to alcohol, tobacco, and narcotics. And yet it is to be remembered that this book is the best of its class. Four of the text-books which are the outcome of the New York law refer to alcohol and narcotics on the one hand, and food, exercise, sleep, water, cleanliness, and contagion on the other, in the proportion of four to one![1] Such emphasis upon what is abnormal and pathological must have an influence upon the growing minds of boys and girls inevitably harmful and morbid. That these "Scientific Temperance" laws have little to do with pedagogical principles is illustrated by the following fact, stated by a former New England State superintendent. In his State the law required that a certain proportion of each text-book on physiology should deal with alcohol. A certain firm had a text-book in the market which did not quite meet the requirements; but by simply removing an appendix they decreased the proportion of other matter and consequently increased the proportion of space devoted to alcohol, without adding a word.

Not only by means of false proportion do these text-books subvert all true aims of education, but also by means of constant wearying reiteration. This is necessitated by the laws which provide that when the treatment of alcohol and its effects "is massed wholly or in part in a chapter or chapters at the end of a book, such book shall not be considered as meeting the requirements of the law."[2] That means that every teacher must adopt toward public-school children in this subject a process of continual nagging—a method which no sane educator would for an instant defend.

In view of these facts, it is not surprising to find that educational leaders are united in their judgment upon these temperance text-books. We cannot place Presidents Low, of Columbia, Schurman, of Cornell, Taylor, of Vassar, Jordan, of Stanford, Dr. Bowditch and Dr. Fitz, of Harvard, Professor Butler, of Columbia, Superintendents Hill, of Massachusetts,

[1] Appleton's "Popular Science Monthly" for January, 1895, article "Scientific Temperance."

[1] See "How and to What Extent Should Physiology be Taught in Our Public Schools?" by H. E. Mereness, A.M., M.D., Albany, 1896.

[2] From the Connecticut law. Similar provisions have been in force in New York, Illinois, and elsewhere. Text-books for general use are, of course, prepared to comply with the requirements of the strictest laws.

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Skinner, of New York, and Dutton, formerly of Brookline, not to mention the host of superintendents and teachers in all parts of the country, among "the bibulous, pleasure-loving, self-gratifying classes," or among "those interested in the traffic of alcoholic liquors," in which the supporters and instigators of these text-books seem to include the opposition.[1] Yet these, and others equally representative, agree in their conviction that the pedagogical methods legally required in the teaching of physiology are not only unsound in theory, but in practice are perilous.

3. As to content, the verdict of experts is at best a disagreement; as to method, the verdict of experts is condemnatory. There yet remains the question as to the avowed purpose of scientific temperance instruction: is that in harmony with the function of public education, and is it morally to be approved? Fortunately, there is no doubt as to what that purpose is. This is the authoritative avowal of it: "This is not a physiological but a temperance movement."[2] And yet it is declared, "It is not desirable to have a separate book for the physiology heretofore studied in the high school."

To put it candidly, this means nothing less than an attempt to carry on a moral reform under the guise of instruction in science; it is teaching physiology under false pretense. And there is no logical reason why this misuse of teaching should be confined to the department of physiology. History might as well be used as giving examples of both temperance and intemperance; geography as affording illustration of the widespread effects of each; reading as providing opportunities for inculcating temperance lessons. The studies of the public schools are not designed to be cloaks under which to smuggle ethical precepts. To treat them as such is not only to pervert them from their true uses, but also to use them in the interest of deceit. Moreover, if total abstinence is to be preached in the schools of the Nation, there is no logical reason why other reforms should not be introduced there also. There are some to whom a certain observance of Sunday is a matter of conscience; others to whom the abolition of the theater or the suppression of the nude in art, or even the single tax, is equally a matter of conscience. What better means could they devise than the use of the schools to impress the minds of the coming generation at their most impressionable age in the furtherance of these cherished schemes? Yet if there should actually be made an attempt to introduce any of them into the schools, the remonstrance would be swift, sure, and effectual. Why, therefore, have not those who do not believe that total abstinence is a fundamental moral principle a right to demand that it should not be presented as such to their children? Is there any reason why they should be required to conform to the conscience of any body of citizens, however respectable and well-intentioned? Such questions would not arise if once the principle were understood that the function of public education is not to bolster up moral reform, but to develop moral and mental qualities among the children of the people.

The distinction between the two ought to be perfectly clear. To impress upon the child and to require him to accept certain precepts for universal observance, a child's parents, under certain limitations, have a perfect right to do; for parents must exercise at times the power of being conscience for their children; the possession of this power is part of their peculiar responsibility as parents. But the public school, that is, the State acting as public educator, has no such inherent power; it, therefore, has no right to inculcate moral reforms; it cannot usurp the function of the home; it has no right to be conscience for its pupils; it cannot, in this respect at least, be *in loco parentis*. When it attempts to assume that right, the school and the home are at swords' points. If the boy whose father has his beer with his meals is told at school that sound morality is violated thereby, he faces the dilemma of a home disgraced or a school discredited. In either case he is morally hurt, though hurt the worse if he chooses the former horn. Teaching moral reform should never be any part of the public-school curriculum. Moral education, on the other hand, is inseparable from the work of the school, as it is inseparable from every experience of life. A boy cannot study arithmetic

[1] "An Epoch of the Nineteenth Century," by Mary H. Hunt, p. 51. Boston, 1897.
[2] "An Epoch of the Nineteenth Century," *supra*, p. 47.

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or geography, he cannot play a game of marbles or of baseball, he cannot mingle with his school-fellows or be subject to his teacher, without developing morally at every step. It is the business of the school to see to it that its influence is on the side of an orderly, consistent, sturdy moral development in that boy. If it is to teach him self-control (and that is the only virtue in temperance), it is not by showing him drunkards' stomachs and making him drop alcohol on a frog's leg, but through the discipline of authority and the discipline of study, through the stimulus of wholesome emulation with his equals and admiration for his superiors, through the countless ways that vary with the atmosphere of the school and the personality of the teacher—in brief, by nurturing the power of control over every deranging influence, whether it be of anger, or indolence, or, when it arises, appetite as well. Those who disregard moral education, and pin their faith to the teaching of moral reform whether in temperance text-books or in any other text-books, are inviting conflict between the school and the experts, between the home and the school, and between every self-respecting pupil and the conscience that has been set up as his dictator; and in the end they are sure not only to impede educational progress, but to defeat their own worthy moral aims.

Our examination of these Scientific Temperance text-books has led us to these conclusions, which we here finally summarize:

First. The content of all teaching should be the truth—not the opinions of a faction, but the testimony of the whole body of reputable experts.

Second. On the one hand, physiology should be taught (if taught at all) *as* physiology, and, on the other hand, temperance reform should be excluded, with all other reforms, from the public schools.

Third. Teaching moral reform, either by temperance text-books or by any other means, is not a function of the public school; that function consists in mental and moral education.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

As We Went Marching On: A Story of the War. By G. W. Hosmer, M.D. A. Wessels Co., New York. 5×8 in. 310 pages.

Told in an engaging, conversational style, this is the story of the march of the Northern army through a large portion of the South during the Civil War. Camp life, with its friendships, fun, and hardships; battle, with its chances and hardships; the march, with its hopes and vicissitudes, all are depicted with the ease and intimacy of one recounting his experiences to a group of friends by the fireside.

Bicycle of Cathay (The). By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 240 pages. $1.50.

The amusing and somewhat droll experiences of a young schoolmaster and his wheel during a summer vacation tour have already become familiar to many in magazine form. The book is in no part up to the level of Mr. Stockton's best in humor. It meanders on pleasantly, and at times provokes laughter by touches of drollery.

Business Man's Religion (The). By Amos R. Wells. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 67 pages. 50c.

Black Rock. By Ralph Connor. **The Sky Pilot.** By Ralph Connor. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. $1.25.

New editions of books which have made their mark because of their vigor, humor, and tenderness. They are unconventional, original, fresh, robust. That they have gained a great and a still increasing popularity is not to be wondered at, for they have purpose without preachiness, and combine out-of-door talk and pictures of wild mountain life with powerful handling of character and study of human nature.

Bread Line (The). By Albert Bigelow Paine. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 228 pages. $1.25.

The story of a group of young writers and artists who tried to start a magazine of their own with disastrous results. Amusing but slight.

Christmas Angel (The). By Katharine Pyle. Illustrated by the Author. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 136 pages. $1.25.

A really delightful Christmas book for young children, teeming with marvelous adventures. A little girl discovers a door in a tree, opens it with a tiny key, and finds her way into a wonder-country full of toys that talk and dolls

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who tell her their histories. When she comes back to the common world again, her mother tells her she had passed through a critical illness during the period of her wonderful sight-seeing.

Collected Poems of T. E. Brown (The). The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 736 pages. $2.

A substantial volume which presents the entire poetical work of the delightful poet and letter-writer whose correspondence, recently published in two volumes, was commented upon in these columns last week. This volume is uniform with the one-volume edition of the poets which the Macmillan Company has been issuing from time to time.

Daughter of Freedom (A). By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 312 pages. $1.50.

A story of the adventures and mishaps of a young girl during the Revolutionary war. The scenes are laid in the South. The burning of Norfolk, the downfall of Savannah and Charleston, and the surrender of Yorktown, are among the incidents depicted with graphic touch. The whole setting is made vivid, romantic, thrilling.

Devil Tales. By Virginia Frazer Boyle. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 211 pages. $1.50.

Ten short stories told in the most quaintly characteristic idiom of the field negroes of the South. Weird and uncanny to a degree unusual even in such tales, they are saved from the unpleasantly gruesome by a fine unbroken humor that runs throughout them.

Eleanor. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 627 pages. $1.50.

We shall speak of this with other important novels of the season in the December Magazine Number.

Eothen. By Alexander William Kinglake. Introduction by James Bryce. (The Century Classics.) The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 410 pages. $1.

A notable and admirable feature in the series of "Century Classics" is found in the choice of writers of introductions. Thus, Mr. Aldrich writes that for the volume containing a selection of Herrick's poems, Henry James for Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and Mr. Bryce for the book before us. "Eothen" has, says Mr. Bryce, "the vivid inconsequence of a dream;" its artlessness is artful, its apparently desultory character is really a striking at the one point of interest. Few books of travel so fully deserve to be classed as literature in the true sense. It fitly takes its place in this series of English classics. The format of the series is excellent, and the price decidedly moderate.

Evolution of Immortality. By Rosicruciæ. The Eulian Publishing Co., Salem, Mass. 5×8 in. 145 pages.

The Rosicrucians, or Fraternity of the Rosy Cross, whose views this book sets forth, are a mystic order, whose beliefs combine some Christian material with an Oriental nature-philosophy. With much to which one must assent there is also much to be doubted or disbelieved. There appears in the Rosicrucian theory small hope of immortality for the majority of mankind, and to all churches an unhappy hostility.

Fields of Dawn (The), and Later Sonnets. By Lloyd Mifflin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 105 pages. $1.

Reserved for notice hereafter.

From Life to Life. By the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 169 pages. $1.

Another book sent out by the Society of Christian Endeavor. It is packed with anecdotes and illustrations taken from actual happenings in daily life, which are turned to account in the matter of aiding others both in the larger field of religious endeavor and in private life. Most of the anecdotes, however, have in them enough of common human nature to touch the soul of the most worldly-minded.

Great Battles of the World. By Stephen Crane. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 278 pages. $1.50.

The battles herein described all belong to the modern world, and were evidently selected with an eye to those which cut a large swath in the destinies of the nations in which they occurred. The battles of Bunker Hill, Vittoria, Plevna, Burkerdorf Heights, Leipsic, Lützen, Badajos, Solferino, and New Orleans, cover a rather varied area, and all did something towards changing the conditions of the respective peoples as well as creating new geographical boundaries. Vigorous, intelligent, and tersely picturesque, this volume exhales all that love for action and dramatic human passions which impelled Stephen Crane to strike a new and distinct note in literature.

Helmet and Spear. By the Rev. A. J. Church, M.A. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 380 pages. $1.75.

A series of stories from antiquity, dealing with historic events and personages, with a little mythology added. The stories are mostly familiar ones to readers of Herodotus, Plutarch, etc. There are also stories from Persian, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Goth, and barbarian sources. The narratives selected are such as never lose interest, by virtue of their ability to illustrate the abiding good growing out of vicissitudes common to mankind. These are retold in a manner well suited to the tastes of youth.

House of Egremont (The). By Molly Elliot Seawell. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 515 pages. $1.50.

Another romance having the misfortunes of the Stuarts and of their adherents as background. The robust hero comes of a house whose founder made his political fortune by presenting the great Elizabeth with a platter of beans; while the hero himself dates his evil political fortunes from the day when he threw a platter of beans at the head of William of Orange. There are several good characters in the story, and plenty of action. In construction and proportion it is not perfect, but in spirit, wholesome tone, and invention it is far above the average semi-historical novel. The English country, Newgate, Paris, and the Netherlands in war-time, afford rapidly shifting scenes of war and love, with the love element predominating.

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Ian Hamilton's March. By Winston Spencer Churchill. Together with Extracts from the Diary of Lieutenant H. Frankland. Portrait, Maps, and Plans. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 409 pages. $1.50.

Few Americans read the London "Morning Post," but many have perhaps read Mr. Churchill's letters to that paper published under the title "London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria." They may be glad now to follow Mr. Churchill's account of the Boer war in another volume of "Morning Post" letters. We are glad to see that this volume is printed and bound uniformly with its predecessor. Mr. Churchill describes the march of a column on the flank of Lord Roberts's main army from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The route lay for four hundred miles through a fertile country, and was far from the railway followed by the Field-Marshal's force. The column fought ten general actions and fourteen smaller affairs, capturing five towns. The book is a minor contribution to the history of the Boer war, but is in some respects as interesting as was Mr. Churchill's first volume.

Literary Rambles at Home and Abroad. By Theodore F. Wolfe, M.D., Ph.D. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7¼ in. 235 pages.

Mr. Wolfe has served a long apprenticeship in the art of associating literary men with their homes and haunts, and in this volume he continues the pleasantly discursive study of literary homes and haunts which he began in "Literary Journeys," "A Literary Pilgrimage," and "Literary Haunts and Homes," his subjects being the literary associations of the Hudson from the time of Irving to that of John Burroughs, of New Jersey, with Walt Whitman as the chief figure, and of the Delaware, the characteristics of which Dr. C. C. Abbott has so often described. The second part of the book has to do with Stratford, Harrow, the Burns country, and the English Lake region. The volume has more contemporaneous interest than some of its predecessors.

Little Tour in France (A). By Henry James. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 350 pages. $3.

A new edition of Mr. James's charming and leisurely notes of travel, or, more exactly, of observation and of historical and literary reminiscence, first published sixteen years ago. They were governed, Mr. James says, by the pictorial spirit, and now the original intention of having with them worthy pictures is carried out. For this work Mr. Pennell was surely the man, of all who could be named, best fitted for the task. His seventy etching-like drawings are admirably done. Between them, artist and author bring out delightfully the architectural and picturesque features of some well-known and other little-known French towns—Blois, Amboise, Loches, Bourges, Nantes, Toulouse, Nîmes, and many more.

Lord Jim. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 5×8 in. 392 pages. $1.50

Subtlety of character-study and imaginative delicacy of touch make this romance vastly superior to the average fiction-product of the year. It may not reach great popularity, for its qualities are of a peculiarly refined and half-elusive kind which may well prove unattractive to the multitude. But there is underlying virility in the carefully worked out picture of an extraordinary character who spends a life of remorse and atonement for a deed of cowardice in Malaysian islands where he helps the weak and oppressed. The tale is essentially psychological, but it has also a wonderfully fascinating air of romance of the sea and of the mystery of the Orient. The climax is painful, but powerfully brought out.

Lover's Library (The). Vol. I., "The Love Poems of Shelley." Vol. II., "The Love Poems of Browning." Vol. III., "The Silence of Love." By Edmond Holmes. John Lane, New York. 3×5¼ in. 50c. each.

Madame Bohemia. By Francis Neilson. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia 5×7¾ in. 410 pages. $1.50.

The existence of "Bohemia," that land without visible boundary, has been much disputed of late, especially in America. But whatever may be said of the locality, the conditions are pictured with a vengeance in this book. It deals with the makeshift existence of a once great singer, a diva whose career was early cursed and blighted by that appendage too common to her kind, a worthless husband. A woman of many errors of life, but with a great, unselfish nature, and a mother-hunger so strong as to impel her to adopt an "infant prodigy," who anon repays her with callous selfishness. The story is told with a practiced cleverness, occasional brilliancy, and too many touches of coarseness. It is not a pleasant book, nor a wholesome one. It illumines a side of life which circumspect people are quite willing to ignore.

"Marr'd in Making." By Baroness von Hutton. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4¾×7½ in. 305 pages. $1.25.

The story of a girl whose father was unworthy, whose mother died after giving her birth, and who was brought up by a godless grandmother. The heroine is made out the victim of inheritance and environment. The literary quality is good, the dialogue "smart," with that probing into motives which outdoes itself if the tale is prolonged, but the cleverness betrays its professional tricks. At its close the youthful reader is likely to be visited by a vague unhappiness which argues eloquently for the unwholesomeness of the art employed.

Myths and Fables of To-Day (The). By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5¾×7¼ in. 268 pages.

Mr. Drake's antiquarian researches are attested by many popular books of historical interest to New Englanders especially. While so much myth and fable survives in history, he has not gone off his beat in this handsome and entertaining volume. Some of its material, however, would not be granted by the Psychical Research Society to be mere myth and fable.

My Winter Garden. By Maurice Thompson. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

The group of essays which make up this volume will have already become familiar to a large number of readers through their appear-

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ance from time to time in the magazines. The sub-title of the volume, "A Nature-Lover under Southern Skies," happily indicates the character and quality of the observations of a mind at once scholarly and poetic which allows itself play amid the flora and fauna of the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and Tampa. Thoughts inspired by the outer world mingle and interplay and explain inspiration derived from much of the world's best literature. The book has charm.

Nature Study and the Child. By Charles B. Scott, A.M. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 618 pages. $1.50.

This is an admirable presentation of its subject, and strongly to be commended to teachers, as well as to parents intelligently interested in schools. It is not the work of a theorist, but of an expert hand. Its showing of the relation of nature study both to other studies and to the cultivation of a religious spirit removes all reasonable doubt of the value of nature study when properly conducted. For this there is an abundance of practical directions, with an outline of an eight years' graded course. Many gems of poetry are quoted in illustration of the relation between nature-study and literature.

Outline of New Testament Theology (An). By David Foster Estes, D.D. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 253 pages.

What has been given for some years to his classes in the Hamilton Seminary Dr. Estes here presents to a wider circle of Bible students outside. Taking up successively the fundamental Christian truths, he sets forth the Scriptural statements concerning them in such a way that a clear distinction is maintained between the didactic facts and whatever various theories may be held concerning them. If we find anything lacking, it is mainly in an apparent overlooking of theological development during the half-century from the earliest to the latest Apostolic writings. The various types of thought to which this gave rise need full recognition. In this Professor Gould's recent volume, "The Biblical Theology of the New Testament," seems to have done more justice to the subject.

Paris of To-Day. By Richard Whiteing. Illustrated by André Castaigne. The Century Co., New York. 7×10½ in. 249 pages. $5.

Reserved for later notice.

Peccavi. By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 406 pages. $1.50.

One of the strongest novels published this autumn. In it Mr. Hornung has taken a long step forward in his work as a novelist. His early Australian tales were good stories and nothing more; his "Amateur Cracksman" was amusing and original but trivial; here at last is a novel of power and purpose. The theme is the expiation of his sin by an English rector who has fallen once and grievously. There is no attempt to excuse the sin or shield the culprit; the reader's indignation is as hot against him as was that of the whole countryside. But the complete self-renunciation of the repentant sinner, and his five years' patient, solitary labor in rebuilding his ruined church stone by stone, gradually gain sympathy and forgiveness. In vividness of writing the book is remarkable.

Penelope's Progress (Scotland) and Penelope's English Experiences. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated. (Holiday Edition.) In 2 vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. $4 a set.

Mr. Charles E. Brock is happily apt in his lightly drawn pictures showing forth the lively and ever (or at least almost always) amusing Penelope and her equally lively friends. It needs no prophetic power to foresee that this pleasing edition of two eminently popular books will have a great holiday sale.

Pilgrim Shore (The). By Edmund H. Garrett. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 234 pages. $2.

This is a companion book to the author's "Romance and Reality of the Puritan Coast," from Boston northward to Cape Ann. The shore from Boston southward to Plymouth is the present subject. Its early and later history, its traditions and its present aspect, are related entertainingly, together with many personal anecdotes and reminiscences of the forefathers and foremothers. It was a happy thought to decorate the inside covers with the family names of the first comers from 1620 to 1623.

Poems of Robert Herrick. Introduction by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (The Century Classics.) The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 227 pages. $1.

See under "Eothen" above.

Puritan in England and New England (The). By Ezra Hoyt Byington. Illustrated. (Fourth Edition.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 457 pages. $2.

The added chapter on Witchcraft in this new edition of Dr. Byington's solid and interesting book strongly challenges a popular prejudice. "It is not just," concludes Dr. Byington, "to hold the Puritan leaders of New England responsible for Salem witchcraft. . . . It had been well with the twenty victims at Salem if the ministers of the Colony, instead of the lawyers, had determined their fate."

Riddle of the Universe (The). By Ernst Haeckel, Ph.D., M.D., LL.D., Sc.D. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 391 pages. $1.50.

It would be quite absurd to attempt in a paragraph to consider seriously the theories advanced in this book. It may be described as an attempt to solve the riddle of the universe by showing that nothing exists but matter, that the dualism which assumes two worlds, a material and a spiritual, is untenable, that the mechanism is all there is, that consciousness is misleading. Doubtless this volume puts the atheistic—not merely agnostic—theory of the universe as vigorously as it has ever been put. Our criticism of it is, first, its assumption that the riddle of the universe can be solved and all mystery banished; second, that, in order to accomplish this undesirable result, philosophy may ignore the verities of moral obligation on which all society rests, and assume that they are only methods of mechanical action—an assumption which, however, the author in his chapter on ethics impliedly deserts and denies—and, finally, the dogmatism

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of assertion which springs out of this twofold assumption, and which is quite as dogmatic as anything to be found in mediæval theology.

Romantic Edinburgh. By John Geddie. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 326 pages. $2.50.

Mr. Geddie's book is much more than a guide-book; it is a characterization of one of the most picturesque cities in the world, introducing a background of history, but concerning itself largely with the city of to-day. It is significant of the romantic story as well as the romantic situation of Edinburgh that a book of this kind has much of the interest of a novel, much of the value of a history, while the generous space which it gives to description makes it, for American readers at least, a very enjoyable book of travel. The volume is illustrated with photographs of striking localities.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (The). Translated by Edward Fitzgerald and E. H. Whinfield; and the Prose Version of Justin Huntly McCarthy. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5⅝×8 in. 244 pages. $2.

The Omar-lover will find here a chance to compare point by point three versions, only one of which will live in literature. Fitzgerald's power and beauty of thought and phrase are really incomparable. The book is handsomely printed, and Mrs. Rittenhouse's introduction is adequate.

Scottish Chiefs (The). By Miss Jane Porter. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 564 pages. $2.50.

It is nearly a century since this romance of history and mystery made its great sensation—the book was published in 1809. There are those readers who love the book because of the memory of the youthful joy they had from it; there are others who are interested in it because of the thousand and one incidental references to it in other books. To deny that for modern taste its diction is pompous and its prolixity trying would be vain. The publishers have given it a striking illustration and cover design, and the type, though of necessity fine if the book were to be in one volume, is clear.

Selections from the Idylls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson. Edited by Mary F. Willard. (Eclectic English Classics.) American Book Co., New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 131 pages. 20c.

Ships that Pass in the Night. By Beatrice Harraden. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 235 pages. $1.50.

A new edition with pleasing photographs by Miss Harraden's sister of the country where the story is supposed to take place. Seven years have passed since this gentle tale made its great success, and it still has many readers and admirers.

Silent Prince (The). By Mrs. Hattie Arnold Clark. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 279 pages. $1.

Treats of a thrilling period and of desperate deeds, when the Netherlands were the prey of Spain and at the mercy of the Duke of Alva, and just as "William the Silent," Prince of Orange, is coming to the front to arouse the spirit of freedom which finally delivers his land from alien rule. The pages are crowded with characters and bristle with incidents. But, it may be remarked, a Jesuit of the eminence of the Monseigneur Ryder of the story, however sinister his intentions, would not be likely to blunder to the extent of making love to a young novice on the eve of her taking vows, and while there was yet time for escape. His admissions to the girl ring spurious; they lack diplomacy, tact, policy. Men who know the human heart do not thus shock youth.

Sir Joshua Reynolds: A Collection of Fifteen Pictures and a Portrait of the Painter. With Introduction and Interpretation by Estelle M. Hurll. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 94 pages. 75c.

Small though the volumes are, if the publishers of the "Riverside Art Series" would add indexes, the collection would apparently lack nothing as the first successful attempt made to publish a series of primers on the subject of painting and painters. In the present volume the editor interprets fifteen of the best-known pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The fifteen include, of course, those "popular favorites," the "Angels' Heads" (London, National Gallery), and the "Hope" (Oxford, New College). Less popular but quite as typical of Sir Joshua's genius are two portraits which we are glad to see included: those of Dr. Johnson and of Lord Heathfield (both in the National Gallery). After reading the editor's capital appreciation of the great English painter, his peculiar qualities stand out clearer than ever in the mind of the art-lover—his unerring taste, his dignified distinction and individualization, and the almost Greek serenity which breathes in his every effort.

Soap-Bubble Stories for Children. By Fanny Barry. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 214 pages. $1.50.

Another wonder-book for children, full of tales of old-time trolls, elves, fountain-fairies, and genial fireside "good people." Most of the tales have a symbolic or allegorical meaning simplified to juvenile understanding. The stories are quaint, imaginative, full of charm and wonder and sympathy.

Sodoma. By Contessa Priuli-Bon. (Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 143 pages. $1.75.

Every student of Italian painting, and especially every one who has visited Siena, will wish to own this volume. It is true that Sodoma was less subtle and less thoughtful than were his Florentine contemporaries, but so was all Sienese art. If Sodoma was pre-eminently the painter of emotion, not to say passion, his work had at least in it the breath of the Gothic age, rather than that of the Renaissance, and that breath meant a greater sincerity than was evident in Renaissance development of any art. Yet Sodoma was peculiarly the product of his age: if he was sincere, he was certainly showy, and his achievement was always unequal in its fidelity to the best ideals. Sodoma was at once sensuous and mystic, but there was never a gleam of serenity in any of his paintings. They are always of the earth, earthy, with their appeal to our common, impressionable, freedom-

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loving, passionate humanity. It is therefore extremely interesting to know about the man who perhaps more than any one exceeded in the delineation of passion—the judgment of critics from Vasari to Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The only attempt at a distinct and thorough-going biography of Sodoma so far is Jansen's; the present volume is, we believe, the first formal biography in the English language.

Stickit Minister's Wooing (The). By S. R. Crockett. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 368 pages. $1.50.

This book of short stories returns to Mr. Crockett's first class of subjects—homely peasant pathos and humor of the Scottish village life. To us it seems that he has never done better work than is here found. The story which gives the volume its title our readers will remember as having first appeared in The Outlook. This story, or "The Lass in the Shop," or "Jaimsie," either one, is worth half a dozen "Red Axes" dripping with stage gore. These and several others here included have the honest ring of simple, truthful character depiction.

Stories of Famous Songs. By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 2 vols. 4½×7¼ in. $1.50 each.

This should prove a popular work. Who is uninfluenced by some song, "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Old Lang Syne," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Marseillaise," or the "Wacht am Rhein"? About the conception of these and a host of other songs Mr. Fitzgerald informs us. His volumes represent many years' patient labor.

Study of English and American Poets (A). By J. Scott Clark, Litt.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 859 pages. $2.

In this volume Dr. Clark applies to English poets the laboratory method which he applied in the writing of "A Study of English Prose Writers," published two years ago. This method consists in fastening the attention of the student upon the distinctive qualities or characteristics of a writer's style by selecting from a large group of the most authoritative critics a consensus of opinion regarding the matter, and by furnishing carefully selected extracts which supply illustrative matter for these analyses; the student being expected, upon the study of the works of the writer as a whole, to secure parallel illustrations. Thus Chaucer is presented, first in a brief biographical sketch; then follows a bibliography of criticism, which is succeeded in turn by an analysis of Chaucer's characteristics based upon the judgment of a wide circle of critics, and with illustrations from the poet's works.

Thomas Henry Huxley: A Sketch of His Life and Work. By P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A. (Leaders in Science Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 297 pages. $1.50.

This is a luminous sketch and a just estimate of the life and labors of a man who has well earned the respect of mankind. No materialist, though an agnostic, himself having originated the word, he venerated the Bible as "the Magna Charta of the poor and oppressed," and advocated its use in the public schools. Few theologians have done the cause of Christianity better service than he in his warfare against the pretensions of blind orthodoxists, to whose aspersions the disfavor with which he was regarded in the churches was due. His limitations were set partly by these antagonisms, partly by his engrossment in his special pursuits. But the title of "Right Honorable," which he received when admitted to the Queen's Privy Council, rightly belongs to his character in the estimation of the world.

Vicar of Wakefield (The). By Oliver Goldsmith. Introduction by Henry James. (The Century Classics.) The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 314 pages. $1.

See under "Eothen" above.

Water-Babies (The). By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 7×10 in. 231 pages. $1.25.

A new edition in quarto form, printed from large, clear type, and with illustrations in color.

White Guard to Satan (A). By Alice Maud Ewell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 187 pages. $1.25.

A romance of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia, written with some literary grace and colonial flavor, but lacking directness of method and moving rather sluggishly for a tale of adventure.

With Both Armies in South Africa. By Richard Harding Davis, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 237 pages. $1.50.

Two dozen books have now appeared on the subject of the Boer war. Most of them are good, some are very good, yet if but one were to be chosen it might well be this. The title explains the reason, even if the author's graphic "Gallegher" style did not. Mr. Ralph, Mr. Churchill, and all the rest, with the single exception of Mr. Hillegas, are pro-British. Mr. Davis tries to do justice to both sides, but he is especially tender to the under dog. He even calls the Boers the last of the Crusaders, and adds: "They rode out to fight for a cause as old as the days of Pharaoh and the Children of Israel, against an enemy ten times as mighty as was Washington's in his war for independence. . . . The Boer is losing, . . . but when he falls he will not fall alone: with him will end a great principle, the principle for which our forefathers fought, the right of self-government, the principle of independence."

Wrongs of Indian Womanhood (The). By Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller. Introduction by Ramabai. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 302 pages. $1.25.

This is a soul-stirring book. The author, a resident of Bombay, has here collected, after careful revision, her articles in the Bombay "Guardian" on the condition of women in India. It is dreadful indeed, and the more so because protected from governmental ameliorations by a religion whose apostles are at work in Christendom. It is clear, from Mrs. Fuller's account of reforming movements, and the hindrances to their attempted abolition of unspeakable abominations, that the key of the whole difficulty is in the Hindu religion, and that the emancipation of Hindu women from degrading bondage is to be achieved only by breaking the yoke of its superstitions.

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Correspondence

Religious Aspects of the Paris Exposition

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Writing under this caption in a recent issue of The Outlook, M. Charles Wagner finds, by an analytical process, a distinctive, comprehensive religious significance in the Exposition. In such aspects as that indicated by the section in which are gathered exhibits which relate to public assistance, plans of hospitals, homes for old people, refuges for the night, day nurseries, and orphan asylums, it is easy to see the distinctively religious impulse. In the other instances which Mr. Wagner cites the religious significance is more remote. And the writer felt, on the whole, that Mr. Wagner's article sounded more like an apology for the paganism of the Exposition than anything else. At all events, there was another aspect, giving a far different impression, and it was that impression that prevailed with most of the serious-minded visitors.

It was to be expected that an exhibition in Paris, under Parisian auspices, would be Parisian, and this one was. The Exposition of 1900 was decidedly "Frenchy." The atmosphere was one of frivolity and unrestrained license. And the impression is one that cannot be effaced by an analytical process which finds religious aspects in remote elucidations.

The writer was requested by one of the religious journals to prepare an article on the subject of the Exposition's Religious Aspects. By this was meant a description of those exhibits which should set forth the work of civilization and regeneration which is being done in the name of religion. It was naturally assumed that there would be such departments. Organizations like the Young Men's Christian Association and the Missionary Societies had anticipated that of course they would be privileged to make such exhibits.

At the end of my search I did not feel moved to make such an analysis as Mr. Wagner's, but rather to cable, "The Exposition has no religious aspects."

Upon inquiry, I learned that the authorities had determined upon a course of absolute exclusion as far as any organizations operating avowedly under religious names and purposes were concerned. It was in accordance with this law that at the opening exercises the universal custom on such occasions of invoking the blessing of Almighty God was not followed.

A few religious organizations were meagerly represented. But their exhibits were introduced, I had almost said smuggled in, under the department of Social Economy. In this way a few such institutions as Hampton Institute, the Young Men's Christian Association (Social Department), the International Peace Bureau, the League for Social Service, and the Salvation Army, obtained a little recognition.

Was this action justifiable? Was the Exposition for the purpose of presenting the products and of representing the forces of civilization? Do our religious organizations have such products, and do they represent such forces? If these questions are to be answered in the affirmative, then there can be no justification for the exclusive policy of the administration.

Loie Fuller, as representing the progress of the century's advancement, is given a whole theater. The Church is excluded. Institutions for the salvation of men and women might be represented, *provided* they were not institutions which avowedly appealed to the religious instinct.

The whole atmosphere of the Exposition and of the city of Paris was that of the Age of Reason, so called, and not that of the twentieth century. A few religious institutions were bold enough to seek a little attention on their own account, but the results were disastrous and humiliating. The McAll Mission erected a little kiosk just outside the gates, which hardly any one saw or heard of. The Baptists of England attempted some religious meetings on a somewhat pretentious scale, sending over their ablest preachers; and such men as Dr. John Clifford preached to audiences of a dozen.

The prevailing impression, aside from all this, has been that the Exposition is a failure. May this action of the authorities, which at least did something towards

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turning the exhibition away from the profound and serious purpose which ought to have animated it, have something to do with the result?

Whatever may have been the result with men and women capable of deducing or inducing such impressions as those of Mr. Wagner, it is probably true that to most people the Paris Exposition of 1900 was not, as a whole, an edifying, elevating, or inspiring spectacle. And in the main, whatever serious or religious impressions are formed, are gained, not by direct impression from what the Exposition is, but by painful contrast with what it is not and with what it might have been. To serious-minded men and women the contrast did not generally awaken such optimistic feelings as Mr. Wagner's article portrays. Most of them came away sick and sad at heart.

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND.

The Canadian Election Law

To the Editors of The Outlook:

You will pardon me for calling attention to one or two statements in the article on "The Canadian Elections" which appeared in a recent issue, and which need correction. I quote: "If the candidate is elected, the money [the required pre-deposit of two hundred dollars] is refunded to him; in case he loses, he forfeits the whole amount." As a matter of law and fact, the forfeiture of the deposit is incurred by a defeated candidate *only when he fails to obtain half as many votes as the successful candidate.* The professed object of this legal provision is to discourage bogus candidatures. It would be difficult to frame any sort of a defense for such a law as the writer in The Outlook describes.

The article refers to the fact that in the electoral division of Algoma the electors do not vote on the regularly appointed Dominion election day, but at some subsequent date, as "a curious feature of the election." In the first place, I may point out that this special provision applies to four other constituencies, viz., Gaspé and Chicoutimi-Saguenay in the Province of Quebec, and Burrard and Yale-Careboo in the Province of British Columbia. The Federal law authorizes the Privy Council to extend the time in these districts in order that the returning officers may duly publish notices and arrange preliminaries. Four of these districts, though thinly populated, are of immense territorial extent, while the fifth, Gaspé, includes the Magdalen Islands lying several hundred miles off in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and with very slow, roundabout modes of communication. I may add that this year the extension of time was not merely "eight or ten days," but probably (no official notice has been given as I write) not less than five weeks.

Sackville, N. B. D. ALLISON.

Religious Services at Sea

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read with interest the account of a service held on an ocean steamer in a recent issue of The Outlook. I was witness of another service recently under similar circumstances which appears to me even more comprehensive.

Upon a vessel which sailed from Europe early in the present month it was found that there was no clergyman among the first-class passengers except a Jewish rabbi. A notice was posted that all who were disposed to join in the singing of hymns were invited to meet at ten o'clock Sunday morning. The rabbi said that he would be willing to read some passages of Scripture, and this offer was gladly accepted. At the appointed hour many passengers, including Roman Catholics, representatives of many Protestant denominations, and perhaps three or four Jews, gathered. The rabbi immediately took charge, and gave out "America," which was heartily sung. This was followed by Reginald Heber's "Holy, Holy, Holy," which is certainly not very Jewish, containing the expression "Holy Trinity," etc. Some of the splendid Psalms relating to the sea and the power of the Creator were then read with much expression. The rabbi himself made an appropriate address, which certainly could not have failed to be acceptable to anybody who believed in one God.

There was more singing, and finally the officiating clergyman, to the surprise of most of his audience, invited the congregation to join him "in repeating the universal prayer," and led devoutly in the Lord's Prayer. W. M. R. F.

Beverly Hills, Chicago.

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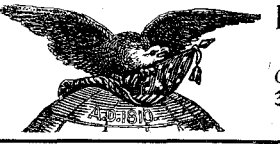

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